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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

PICTURESQUE,

AS COMPARED WITH THE

SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL;

AND, ON THE

USE OF STUDYING PICTURES,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF

IMPROVING REAL LANDSCAPE,

By *UVEDALE PRICE*, Esq.

QUAM MULTA VIDENT PICTORES IN UMBRIS, ET IN EMINENTIA, QUÆ NOS NON VIDEMUS.

Cicero.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBSON, New Bond-Street.

M, DCC, XCIV.

PREFACE.

THIS unfiniſhed work (and ſuch I fear it is in every reſpect) I did not intend publiſhing till it was more complete, and till I had endeavoured, at leaſt, to render it more worthy the public inſpection. I have, however, been induced to ſend it into the world earlier than I wiſhed, from the general curioſity which my friend Mr. Knight's poem has awakened on the ſubject.

It would have been more prudent in me not to have afforded the public ſuch an opportunity of judging, how much I am indebted to the effuſion of friendſhip and poetry, for the high compliment he has paid me; were I now to ſay what I feel about my friend's poem it might appear like a return of compliment; and whatever could

in any way be ſo miſconſtrued, would be equally unworthy of us both.

I cannot however, reſiſt the ſatisfaction of mentioning one circumſtance, highly flattering to me, as it accounts for my not chuſing to delay this publication. I had mentioned to Mr. Knight that I had written ſome papers on the preſent ſtyle of improvement, but that I deſpaired of ever getting them ready for the preſs; though I was very anxious that the abſurdities of that ſtyle ſhould be expoſed. Upon this he conceived the idea of a poem on the ſame ſubject; and having all his materials arranged in his mind, from that activity and perſeverance which ſo ſtrongly mark his character, he never delayed or abandoned the execution, till the whole was completed. When it was nearly finiſhed, he wrote to me to propoſe, what I conſider as the higheſt poſſible compliment, and the ſtrongeſt mark of confidence in my taſte,—that my papers (when properly modelled) ſhould be publiſhed

liſhed with his poem, in the ſame manner as Sir Joſhua Reynolds's notes were publiſhed with Mr. Maſon's Du Freſnoy.

This propoſal, could it have been made at an earlier period, I ſhould have accepted with pride; but my work had then taken too much of a form and character of its own to be incorporated with any thing elſe; for indeed almoſt the whole of what I have now publiſhed had been written ſome time before.

I flatter myſelf, however, that though my plan is totally different from his, and though in ſome particulars we may not exactly agree, yet the general tendency is ſo much the ſame, and our notions of improvement are upon the whole ſo ſimilar, that my work may, in many points, ſerve as a commentary upon his; and I cannot wiſh it a more honourable employment. I have on that account judged it better, that what I had arranged ſhould appear in its preſent ſtate, now that curioſity is alive, than in a leſs im-

perfect one when the ſubject might have become ſtale. I think alſo, that in the light of a commentary it may poſſibly have more effect, when each perſon publiſhes his own ideas (tinctured as they muſt always be with the peculiarities of different minds, yet tending to the ſame general end) than when two works are modelled to agree and coincide with each other.

In the courſe of printing this work I have been tempted, on numberleſs occaſions, to inſert paſſages from the *Landſcape*, as the beſt and apteſt illuſtrations of what I meant to explain and enforce. I found, however, that ſo many of them crowded upon me, and with ſuch equal pretenſions, that had I once begun I ſhould have reverſed my friend's propoſal, and his poem would have become a commentary to my proſe.

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ON THE

PICTURESQUE, &c.

THERE is no country, I believe (if we except China) where the art of laying out grounds is ſo much cultivated as it now is in England. Formerly the embelliſhments of a place were confined to the garden, or a ſmall ſpace near the manſion; while the park, with all its timber and thickets, was left in a ſtate of wealthy neglect: but now theſe embelliſhments extend over a whole diſtrict; and as they give a new and peculiar character to the general face of the country, it is well worth con-

ſidering whether they give a natural and a beautiful one, and whether the preſent ſyſtem of improving (to uſe a ſhort though often an inaccurate term) is founded on any juſt principles of taſte.

In order to examine this queſtion, the firſt enquiry will naturally be, whether there is any ſtandard to which works of this ſort can be referred; any authority higher than that of the perſons who have gained moſt reputation by thoſe works? I think there is a ſtandard; there are authorities of an infinitely higher kind; the authorities of thoſe great artiſts who have moſt diligently ſtudied the beauties of nature, both in their grandeſt and moſt general effects, and in their minuteſt detail; who have obſerved every variety of form and of colour, have been able to ſelect and combine, and then, by the magic of their art, to fix upon the canvas all theſe various beauties.

But, however highly I may think of the art of painting, compared with that of improving,

improving, nothing can be farther from my intention (and I wiſh to impreſs it in the ſtrongeſt manner on the reader's mind) than to recommend the ſtudy of pictures in preference to that of nature, much leſs to the excluſion of it. Whoever ſtudies art alone, will have a narrow pedantic manner of conſidering all objects, and of referring them ſolely to the minute and particular purpoſes of that art to which his attention has been particularly directed; this is what improvers have done: and if every thing is to be referred to art, at leaſt let it be referred to one whoſe variety, compared to the monotony of what is called improvement, appears infinite, but which again falls as ſhort of the boundleſs variety of the miſtreſs of all art.

The uſe, therefore, of ſtudying pictures is not merely to make us acquainted with the combinations and effects that are contained in them, but to guide us by means of thoſe general heads (as they may be called) of compoſition, in our ſearch of

the numberleſs and untouched varieties and beauties of nature; for as he who ſtudies art only will have a confined taſte, ſo he who looks at nature only will have a vague and unſettled one; and in this more extended ſenſe I ſhould interpret the Italian proverb, "*Chi s'inſegna, ha un pazzo per maeſtro:* He is a fool who does not profit by the experience of others."

We are therefore to profit by the experience contained in pictures, but not to content ourſelves with that experience only; nor are we to conſider even thoſe of the higheſt claſs as abſolute and infallible ſtandards, but as the beſt and only ones we have; as compoſitions, which, like thoſe of the great claſſical authors, have been conſecrated by long uninterrupted admiration, and which therefore have a ſimilar claim to influence our judgment, and to form our taſte in all that is within their province. Theſe are the reaſons for ſtudying *copies* of nature, though the *original* is before us, that we may not loſe

loſe the benefit of what is of ſuch great moment in all arts and ſciences, the accumulated experience of paſt ages; and, with reſpect to the art of improving, we may look upon pictures as a ſet of experiments of the different ways in which trees, buildings, water, &c. may be diſpoſed, grouped, and accompanied in the moſt beautiful and ſtriking manner, and in every ſtyle, from the moſt ſimple and rural to the grandeſt and moſt ornamental: many of thoſe objects, that are ſcarcely marked as they lie ſcattered over the face of nature, when brought together in the compaſs of a ſmall ſpace of canvas, are forcibly impreſſed upon the eye, which by that means learns how to ſeparate, to ſelect, and combine.

Who can doubt whether Shakeſpeare and Fielding had not infinitely more amuſement from ſociety, in all its various views, than common obſervers? I believe it can be as little doubted, but that the having read ſuch authors muſt give any man (however

acute his penetration) more enlarged views of human nature in general, as well as a more intimate acquaintance with particular characters, than he would have had from the obſervation of nature only; that many groupes of characters, many combinations of incidents, which might otherwiſe have eſcaped his notice, would forcibly ſtrike him, from the recollection of ſcenes and paſſages from ſuch writers; that in all theſe caſes the pleaſure we receive from what paſſes in real life is rendered infinitely more poignant by a reſemblance to what we have read or have ſeen on the ſtage. But will any man argue from thence that theſe characters and incidents have no intrinſic merit, but merely that which is derived from their having been made uſe of by great and admired authors? The parallel between this and the aſſiſtance which painting gives towards an accurate as well as a comprehenſive view of nature is ſo obvious as hardly to require pointing out.

I am

I am therefore perſuaded that thoſe men's minds will be the moſt amuſed (and perhaps not the leaſt uſefully employed) to whom "all the world's a ſtage," who remark wherever they go (and habit will give a rapid and unobſerved facility in doing it) not only the characters of all individuals, but their effect on each other. Such an obſerver will not divide what paſſes into ſcenes and chapters, and be pleaſed with it in proportion as it will do for a novel or a play, but he will be pleaſed on the ſame principles as Shakeſpeare or Fielding would have been. This appears to me a true and exact ſtatement of the mutual relation that painting and nature bear to each other.

Had the art of improving been cultivated for as long a time, and upon as ſettled principles, as that of painting, and were there extant various works of genius, which, like thoſe of the other art, had ſtood the teſt of ages (though from the great change which the growth and decay

of trees muſt produce in the original deſign of the artiſt, this is hardly poſſible) there would not be the ſame neceſſity of referring and comparing the works of reality to thoſe of imitation; but as the caſe ſtands at preſent, the only models that approach to perfection, the only fixed and unchanging ſelections from the works of nature, united with thoſe of art, are in the pictures and deſigns of the moſt eminent maſters.

It may be objected, that there are many pleaſing circumſtances in nature, which, in painting, would appear flat and inſipid, as there are others that have a ſtriking effect in a picture, which yet in nature (by a common obſerver at leaſt) would be unnoticed, or even diſliked; but, however true this may be in particular inſtances, the great leading principles of the one art, as general compoſition—grouping the ſeparate parts—harmony of tints—unity of character, are equally applicable to the other: I may add alſo, what is ſo very eſſential to the painter, though at firſt ſight it ſeems hardly

hardly within the province of the improver—breadth and effect of light and ſhade.

Nothing can be more directly at war with all theſe principles (founded as they are in truth and in nature) than the preſent ſyſtem of laying out grounds. A painter, or whoever views objects with a painter's eye *, looks with indifference, if not with diſguſt, at the clumps, the belts, the made water, and the eternal ſmoothneſs and ſameneſs of a finiſhed place; an improver, on the other hand, conſiders theſe as the moſt perfect embelliſhments, as the laſt finiſhing touches that nature can receive from art; and conſequently muſt think the

* When I ſpeak of a painter, I do not mean merely a profeſſor, but any man (artiſt or not) of a liberal mind, with a ſtrong feeling for nature as well as art, who has been in the habit of comparing both together.

A man of a narrow mind and little ſenſibility, in or out of a profeſſion, is always a bad judge; and poſſibly (as that ingenious critic the Abbé du Bos has well explained) a worſe judge for being an artiſt.

fineſt compoſition of Claude (and I mention him as the moſt ornamented of all the great maſters) comparatively rude and imperfect; though he probably might allow, in Mr. Brown's phraſe, that it had "capabilities."

No one, I believe, has yet been daring enough to improve a picture of Claude*, or at leaſt to acknowledge it; but I do not think it extravagant to ſuppoſe that a man,

* The account in Peregrine Pickle, of the gentleman who had improved Vandyke's portraits of his anceſtors, uſed to ſtrike me as rather *outré*; but I met with a ſimilar inſtance ſome years ago, that makes it appear much leſs ſo. I was looking at a collection of pictures with Gainſborough; among the reſt the houſekeeper ſhewed us a portrait of her maſter, which ſhe ſaid was by Sir Joſhua Reynolds: we both ſtared, for not only the touch and the colouring, but the whole ſtyle of the drapery and the general effect, had no reſemblance to his manner. Upon examining the houſekeeper more particularly, we diſcovered that her maſter had had every thing but the face —not re-touched from the colours having faded—but totally changed, and newly compoſed, as well as painted, by another, and, I need not add, an inferior hand.

Such a man would have felt as little ſcruple in making a Claude like his own place, as in making his own portrait like a ſcare-crow.

thoroughly

thoroughly perſuaded, from his own taſte, and from the authority of ſuch a writer as Mr. Walpole *, that an art, unknown to every age and climate, that of creating

* I can hardly think it neceſſary to make any excuſe for calling Lord Orford Mr. Walpole; it is the name by which he is beſt known in the literary world, and to which his writings have given a celebrity much beyond what any hereditary honour can beſtow. It is more neceſſary, perhaps, to make an apology for the liberty I muſt take of canvaſſing with freedom many poſitions in his very ingenious and entertaining treatiſe on Modern Gardening. That treatiſe is written in a very high ſtrain of panegyric on the art of which he gives ſo amuſing a hiſtory: mine is a direct and undiſguiſed attack upon it. The greater his authority the more neceſſary it is to combat the impreſſion which that alone will make on moſt minds. I do it, however, with great deference and reluctance; for I know how difficult it is to ſteer between the tameneſs of over-caution and the appearance of acrimony, or of want of reſpect towards a perſon for whom I feel ſo much, and to whom on ſo many accounts it is due. But he who is warmly engaged in a cauſe, and has to fight againſt ſtrongly-rooted opinions, upheld by powerful ſupporters, muſt, if he hopes to vanquiſh them, take every fair advantage of his opponents, and not ſeem too timid and fearful of giving offence where he means none.

landſcapes, had advanced with maſter-ſteps to vigorous perfection; that enough had been done to eſtabliſh ſuch a ſchool of landſcape as cannot be found in the reſt of the globe; and that Milton's deſcription of Paradiſe ſeems to have been copied from ſome piece of modern gardening;—that ſuch a man, full of enthuſiaſm for this new art, and with little veneration for that of painting, ſhould chuſe to ſhew the world what Claude might have been, had he had the advantage of ſeeing the works of Mr. Brown. The only difference he would make between improving a picture and a real ſcene, would be that of employing a painter inſtead of a gardener.

What would more immediately ſtrike him would be the total want of that leading feature of all modern improvements, the clump; and of courſe he would order ſeveral of them to be placed in the moſt conſpicuous ſpots, with, perhaps, here and there a patch of larches, as forming a ſtrong

contraſt,

contraſt, in ſhape and colour, to the Scotch firs.—His eye, which had been uſed to ſee even the natural groupes of trees in improved places made as ſeparate and clump-like as poſſible, would be ſhocked to ſee thoſe of Claude, ſome quite ſurrounded, ſome half concealed by buſhes and thickets; others ſtanding alone, but, by means of thoſe thickets, or of detached trees, connected with other groupes of various ſizes and ſhapes. All this rubbiſh muſt be cleared away *, the ground made every where quite ſmooth and level, and each groupe left upon the graſs perfectly diſtinct and ſeparate.—Having been accuſtomed to whiten all diſtant buildings, thoſe of Claude, from the effect of his ſoft vapoury atmoſphere, would appear to him too indiſtinct; the painter of courſe would be ordered to give them a ſmarter appear-

* I do not mean by this, that *nothing* ſhould be cleared; on the contrary, a proper degree and ſtyle of clearing adds as much to beauty and effect as it does to neatneſs. But of this I ſhall ſay more hereafter.

ance,

ance, which might poſſibly be communicated to the nearer buildings alſo.—Few modern houſes or ornamental buildings are ſo placed among trees, and partially hid by them, as to conceal much of the ſkill of the architect, or the expence of the poſſeſſor; but in Claude, not only ruins, but temples and palaces, are often ſo mixed with trees, that the tops over-hang their baluſtrades, and the luxuriant branches ſhoot between the openings of their magnificent columns and porticos: as he would not ſuffer his own buildings to be ſo maſked, neither would he thoſe of Claude; and theſe luxuriant boughs, and all that obſtructed a full view of them, the painter would be told to expunge, and carefully to reſtore the ornaments they had hid.—The laſt finiſhing both to places and pictures is water: in Claude it partakes of the general ſoftneſs and dreſſed appearance of his ſcenes, and the accompaniments have, perhaps, leſs of rudeneſs, than in any other maſter;

maſter *; yet, compared with thoſe of a piece of made water, or of an improved river, his banks are perfectly ſavage; parts of them covered with trees and buſhes that hang over the water; and near the edge of it tuſſucks of ruſhes, large ſtones, and ſtumps; the ground ſometimes ſmooth, ſometimes broken and abrupt, and ſeldom keeping, for a long ſpace, the ſame level from the water: no curves that anſwer each other; no reſemblance, in ſhort, to what he had been uſed to admire; a few ſtrokes of the painter's bruſh would reduce the bank on each ſide to one level, to one green; would make curve anſwer curve, without buſh or tree to hinder the eye from enjoying the uniform ſmoothneſs

* One of my countrymen at Rome was obſerving that the water in the Colonna Claude had rather too dreſſed and artificial an appearance. A Frenchman, who was alſo looking at the picture, cried out, "Cependant, Monſieur, on pourroit y donner une ſi belle fête." This was very characteriſtic of that gay nation, but it is equally ſo of a number of Claude's pictures. They have an air *de fête* beyond all others; and there is no painter whoſe works ought to be ſo much ſtudied for highly dreſſed yet varied nature.

and

and verdure, and from purſuing, without interruption, the continued ſweep of theſe ſerpentine lines;—a little cleaning and poliſhing of the fore-ground would give the laſt touches of improvement, and complete the picture.

There is not a perſon in the ſmalleſt degree converſant with painting, who would not, at the ſame time, be ſhocked and diverted at the black ſpots and the white ſpots,—the naked water,—the naked buildings,—the ſcattered unconnected groupes of trees, and all the groſs and glaring violations of every principle of the art; and yet this, without any exaggeration, is the method in which many ſcenes, worthy of Claude's pencil, have been improved. Is it then poſſible to imagine that the beauties of imitation ſhould be ſo diſtinct from thoſe of reality, nay, ſo completely at variance, that what diſgraces and makes a picture ridiculous, ſhould become ornamental when applied to nature?

CHAPTER II.

IT ſeems to me, that the neglect, which prevails in the works of modern improvers, of all that is pictureſque, is owing to their excluſive attention to high poliſh and flowing lines, the charms of which they are ſo engaged in contemplating, as to make them overlook two of the moſt fruitful ſources of human pleaſure; the firſt, that great and univerſal ſource of pleaſure, variety, whoſe power is independent of beauty, but without which even beauty itſelf ſoon ceaſes to pleaſe; the other, intricacy, a quality which, though diſtinct from variety, is ſo connected and blended with it, that the one can hardly exiſt without the other.

According to the idea I have formed of it, intricacy in landſcape might be defined,

that diſpoſition of objects which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nouriſhes curioſity *. Variety can hardly require a definition, though, from the practice of many layers-out of ground, one might ſuppoſe it did. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that as intricacy in the diſpoſition, and variety in the forms, the tints, and the lights and ſhadows of objects, are the great characteriſtics of pictureſque ſcenery; ſo monotony and baldneſs are the greateſt defects of improved places.

Nothing would place this in ſo diſtinct a point of view as a compariſon between ſome familiar ſcene in its natural and pic-

* Many perſons, who take little concern in the intricacy of oaks, beeches, and thorns, may feel the effects of partial concealment in more intereſting objects, and may have experienced how differently the paſſions are moved by an open licentious diſplay of beauties, and by the unguarded diſorder which ſometimes eſcapes the care of modeſty, and which coquetry ſo ſucceſsfully imitates:

Parte appar delle mamme acerbe & crude,
Parte altrui ne ricuopre invida veſte;
Invida ſi, ma ſe agli occhi il varco chiude,
L'amoroſo penſier gia non s'arreſta.

tureſque, and in what would be its improved ſtate, according to the preſent principles of gardening. All painters, who have imitated the more confined ſcenes of nature, have been fond of making ſtudies from old neglected bye roads and hollow ways; and, perhaps, there are few ſpots that, in ſo ſmall a compaſs, have a greater variety of that ſort of beauty called pictureſque; but, I believe, the inſtances are very rare of painters, who have turned out volunteers into a gentleman's walk or drive, either when made between artificial banks, or when the natural ſides or banks have been improved. I ſhall endeavour to examine from whence it happens, that a pictureſque eye looks coldly on what is very generally admired, and diſcovers a thouſand intereſting objects where a common eye ſees nothing but ruts and rubbiſh; and whether the pleaſure of the one, and the indifference of the other, ariſe from the cauſes I have aſſigned.

Perhaps, what is moſt immediately ſtriking in a lane of this kind is its intricacy;

any winding road, indeed (eſpecially where there are banks) muſt neceſſarily have ſome degree of intricacy; but in a dreſſed lane every effort of art ſeems directed againſt that diſpoſition of the ground: the ſides are ſo regularly ſloped, ſo regularly planted, and the ſpace (when there is any) between them and the road ſo uniformly levelled; the ſweeps of the road ſo plainly artificial, the verges of graſs that bound it ſo nicely edged; the whole, in ſhort, has ſuch an appearance of having been made by a receipt, that curioſity, that moſt active principle of pleaſure, is almoſt extinguiſhed.

But in theſe hollow lanes and bye roads all the leading features, and a thouſand circumſtances of detail, promote the natutural intricacy of the ground; the turns are ſudden and unprepared; the banks ſometimes broken and abrupt; ſometimes ſmooth, and gently but not uniformly ſloping; now wildly over-hung with thickets of trees and buſhes; now looſely ſkirted with wood; no regular verge of graſs,

no cut edges, no diſtinct lines of ſeparation; all is mixed and blended together, and the * border of the road itſelf, ſhaped by the mere tread of paſſengers and animals, is as unconſtrained as the footſteps that formed it: even the tracks of the wheels (for no circumſtance is indifferent) contribute to the pictureſque effect of the whole; the lines they deſcribe are full of variety; they juſt mark the way among trees and buſhes, while any obſtacle, a cluſter of low thorns, a furze-buſh, a tuſſuck, a large ſtone, will force the wheels into ſudden and intricate turns, at the ſame time thoſe obſtacles themſelves, either wholly or partially concealing the former

* It may be obſerved, that whenever a border, or ſuch a ſeparation of the general covering of the ſurface (whether graſs, moſs, heath, &c.) as diſcovers the ſoil, is formed by the action of water, of froſt, or by the tread of animals, it is free from that edgineſs, that cutting liny appearance, the ſpade always leaves, and which of all things is moſt deſtructive of variety and intricacy: this, I think, accounts for the attachment of painters to what is called broken ground, and to the natural banks of rivers, as well as for their contempt for thoſe of artificial water.

ones, add to that variety and intricacy; often a group of trees, or a thicket, will occaſion the road to ſeparate in two parts, leaving a ſort of iſland in the middle, and of * theſe and numberleſs other accidents painters have continually availed themſelves.

It is a ſingular circumſtance, that ſome of the moſt ſtriking varieties of form, of colour, and of light and ſhade, ſhould, in theſe, as in many other ſcenes, be owing to the indiſcriminate hacking of the peaſant, nay, to the very decay that is occaſioned by it. When oppoſed to the tameneſs of the poor pinioned trees of a gentleman's plantation drawn up ſtrait and even together, there is often a ſort of ſpirit and animation in the manner in which old

* In foreſts it is inconceivable how much the various routes, in all directions, through the wild thickets, and among the trunks of old trees, add to the intricacy and perplexed appearance of the ſcenery; an effect that would be totally deſtroyed if the tracks were all ſmoothed and made level, and a gravel road, with eaſy ſweeps, made in their room.

neglected

neglected pollards ſtretch out their immenſe limbs quite acroſs one of theſe hollow roads, and in every wild and irregular direction: on ſome the large knots and protuberances add to the ruggedneſs of their twiſted trunks; in others, the deep hollow of the inſide, the moſſes on the bark, the rich yellow of the touchwood, with the blackneſs of the more decayed ſubſtance, afford ſuch variety of tints, of brilliant and mellow lights, with deep and peculiar ſhades, as the fineſt timber tree (however beautiful in other reſpects) with all its health and vigour, cannot exhibit.

This careleſs method of cutting, juſt as the farmer happened to want a few ſtakes or poles, gives infinite variety to the general outline of the banks: near to one of theſe "unwedgeable and gnarled oaks" often riſes the ſlender elegant form of a young beech, aſh, or birch, that had eſcaped the axe, and whoſe tender bark and light foliage appear ſtill more deli-

cate and airy when ſeen ſideways againſt the rough bark and maſſy head of the oak. Sometimes it riſes alone from the bank; ſometimes from amidſt a cluſter of rich hollies or wild junipers; ſometimes its light and upright ſtem is embraced by the projecting cedar-like boughs of the yew.

The ground itſelf, in theſe lanes, is as much varied in form, tint, and light and ſhade, as the plants that grow upon it; this, as uſual, inſtead of owing any thing to art, is, on the contrary, occaſioned by accident and neglect. The winter torrents, in ſome places waſh down the mould from the upper grounds, and form projections of various ſhapes, which, from the fatneſs of the ſoil, are generally enriched with the moſt luxuriant vegetation; in other parts, they tear the banks into deep hollows, diſcovering the different *

* Mr. Gilpin, in his Obſervations on the River Wye (page 21.) has, with his uſual accuracy, deſcribed the variety of broken ground, and of the colours of the different ſtrata.

ſtrata of earth, and the ſhaggy roots of trees; theſe hollows are frequently overgrown with wild roſes, with honeyſuckles, periwincles, and other trailing plants, whoſe flowers and pendent branches have quite a different effect when hanging looſely over one of theſe receſſes, oppoſed to its deep ſhade, and mixed with the fantaſtic roots of trees, and the varied tints of the ſoil, from thoſe that are cut into buſhes, or crawl along the uniform ſlope of a mowed or dug ſhrubbery. In the ſummer time theſe little caverns afford a cool retreat for the ſheep; and it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful foreground than is formed by the different groupes of them in one of theſe lanes; ſome feeding on the patches of turf that in the wider parts lye between the fern and the buſhes; ſome lying in the niches they have worn in the banks among the roots of trees, and to which they have made many ſide-long paths; ſome repoſing in theſe deep receſſes, their bowers

O'er canopied with luſcious eglantine.

Near

Near the houſe pictureſque beauty muſt, in many caſes, be ſacrificed to neatneſs; but it is a ſacrifice, and ſhould not wantonly be made. A gravel walk cannot have the playful variety of a bye road; there muſt be a border to the gravel, and that and the ſweeps muſt, in great meaſure, be regular, and conſequently formal: I am convinced, however, that many of the circumſtances, which give variety and ſpirit to a wild ſpot, might be ſucceſsfully imitated in a dreſſed place; but it muſt be done by attending to the principles, not by copying the particulars. It is not neceſſary to model a gravel walk, or drive after a ſheep track or a cart rut, though very uſeful hints may be taken from them both; and without having water-docks or thiſtles before one's door, their effect, in a painter's foreground, may be produced by plants that are conſidered as ornamental. I am equally perſuaded that a dreſſed appearance might be given to one of theſe lanes, without deſtroying their peculiar and characteriſtic beauties.

I have ſaid little of the ſuperior variety and effect of light and ſhade in ſcenes of this kind, as that of courſe muſt follow variety of forms and of maſſes, and intricacy of diſpoſition: I wiſhed to avoid all detail that did not appear to me neceſſary to explain or illuſtrate ſome general principles; but when general principles are put crudely without examples, they are not only dry, but obſcure, and make no impreſſion.

There are ſeveral ways in which a ſpot of this kind, near a gentleman's place, would probably be improved; for even in the monotony of what is called improvement there is a variety of bad. Some, perhaps, would cut down the old pollards, clear the rubbiſh, and leave only the maiden trees ſtanding; ſome might plant up the whole; others grub up every thing, and make a ſhrubbery on each ſide; others put clumps of ſhrubs, or of firs; but there is one improvement that I am afraid almoſt all who had not been uſed to look

at

at objects with a painter's eye would adopt, and which alone would entirely deſtroy its character; that is ſmoothing and * levelling the ground: the moment this mechanical common-place operation (by which Mr. Brown and his followers have gained ſo much credit) is begun, adieu to

* To level, in a very uſual ſenſe of the word, means to take away all diſtinctions; a principle that, when made general, and brought into action by any determined improver, either of grounds or governments, occaſions ſuch miſchiefs as time ſlowly, if ever, repairs, and which are hardly more dreaded by monarchs than painters.

A good landſcape is that in which all the parts are free and unconſtrained, but in which, though ſome are prominent and highly illuminated, and others in ſhade and retirement; ſome rough, and others more ſmooth and poliſhed, yet they are all neceſſary to the beauty, energy, effect, and harmony of the whole. I do not ſee how a good government can be more exactly defined; and as this definition ſuits every ſtyle of landſcape, from the plaineſt and ſimpleſt to the moſt ſplendid and complicated, and excludes nothing but tameneſs and confuſion, ſo it equally ſuits all free governments, and only excludes anarchy and deſpotiſm. It muſt be always remembered however, that deſpotiſm is the moſt complete leveller; and he who clears and levels every thing round his own lofty manſion, ſeems to me to have very Turkiſh principles of improvement.

all

all that the painter admires—to all intricacies—to all the beautiful varieties of form, tint, and light and ſhade; every deep receſs—every bold projection—the fantaſtic roots of trees—the winding paths of ſheep—all muſt go; in a few hours, the raſh hand of falſe taſte completely demoliſhes what time only, and a thouſand lucky accidents, can mature, ſo as to become the admiration and ſtudy of a Ruyſdal or a Gainſborough, and reduces it to ſuch a thing as an Oilman in Thames-ſtreet may at any time contract for by the yard at Iſlington or Mile-End.

I had lately an opportunity of obſerving the progreſs of improvement in one lane, and the effect of it in another, both unfortunately bordering on gentlemen's pleaſure grounds. The firſt had on one ſide a high bank full of the beauties I have deſcribed; I was particularly ſtruck with a beech which ſtood ſingle on one part of it, and with the effect and character that its ſpreading roots gave, both to the bank

and

and to the tree itſelf *: the ſheep alſo had made their ſidelong paths to this ſpot, and often lay in the little compartments between the roots. One day I found a great many labourers wheeling mould to this place; by degrees they filled up all inequalities, and completely covered the roots and pathways; one ſhould have ſuppoſed they were working for my Uncle Toby, under the direction of Corporal Trim †, for they had converted this varied bank

* There is ſomething wonderfully pictureſque and characteriſtic in the large roots of trees, and in none more than in thoſe of the beech; they ſeem to faſten on the earth with their dragon claws; a huge oak too, whoſe ſpurs ſtrongly divide from the trunk, ſhews what are the rivets that enable him to defy the tempeſt, et quanta radice ad Tartara tendit.

When theſe roots and ſpurs are moulded up, from that prevailing faſhion of making every thing ſmooth and level, the tree looks like an enormous poſt ſtuck in the ground.

† Theſe worthy pioneers, their employment, and their employers, are very aptly deſcribed in two verſes of Taſſo, and eſpecially if the word guaſtatori ‡ is taken in its moſt obvious ſenſe:

Inanzi i guaſtatori avea mandati
Ivuoti luoghi empir', & ſpianar gli erti.

‡ Spoilers.

This

bank into a perfect glacis, only the gazons were omitted. They had however worked up the mould they had wheeled into a ſort of a mortar, and had laid it as ſmooth from top to bottom as a maſon could have done with his trowel. From the number of men employed, the quantity of earth wheeled, and the nicety with which this operation was performed, I am perſuaded it was in a great meaſure done for the ſake of beauty.

The improved part of the other lane I never ſaw in its original ſtate, but by what remains untouched, and by the accounts I heard, it muſt have afforded noble ſtudies for a painter. The banks are higher and the

This is a moſt complete receipt for ſpoiling a pictureſque ſpot; and one might ſuppoſe, from this military ſtyle having been ſo generally adopted, and every thing laid open, that our improvers are fearful of an enemy being in ambuſcade among the buſhes of a gravel pit, or lurking in ſome intricate groupe of trees. In that reſpect, it muſt be owned, the clump has infinite merit; for, beſides its compact ſoldier-like appearance, it may be commanded from every point, and the enemy eaſily diſlodged.

trees are larger than in the other lane, and their branches, ſtretching from ſide to ſide,

"High over arch'd imbower."

I heard a vaſt deal from the gardener of the place near it, about the large ugly roots that appeared above ground, the large holes the ſheep uſed to lie in, and the rubbiſh of all kinds that uſed to grow about them. The laſt poſſeſſor took care to fill up and clean, as far as his property went; and that every thing might look regular, he put, as a boundary to the road, a row of white pales at the foot of the bank on each ſide, and on that next his houſe he raiſed a peat wall as upright as it could well ſtand, by way of a facing to the old bank, and in the middle of this peat wall planted a row of laurels: theſe laurels the gardener uſed to cut quite flat at top, and the cattle, reaching over the pales, and browſing the lower ſhoots within their bite, kept it as even at bottom, ſo that it formed one projecting lump in the middle, and had juſt as pictureſque an appearance as a buſhy wig ſqueezed between the hat and the cape.

I ſhould

I ſhould add, that theſe two ſpecimens of dreſſed lanes are not in a diſtant county, but within thirty miles of London, and in a diſtrict full of expenſive embelliſhments.

I am afraid many of my readers will think that I have been a long while getting through theſe lanes, but in them, and in old neglected quarries, and in chalk and gravel pits, a great deal of what conſtitutes, and what deſtroys pictureſque beauty, is ſtrongly exemplified within a ſmall compaſs, and in ſpots eaſily reſorted to; the cauſes too are as clearly marked, and may be as ſucceſsfully ſtudied as where the higher ſtyles of it (often mixed with the ſublime) are diſplayed among foreſts, rocks, and mountains.

CHAPTER III.

THERE are few words whoſe meaning has been leſs accurately determined than that of the word Pictureſque.

In general, I believe, it is applied to every object, and every kind of ſcenery, which has been, or might be repreſented with good effect in painting, and that without any excluſion. But, conſidered as a ſeparate character, it has never yet been accurately diſtinguiſhed from the ſublime and the beautiful; though as no one has ever pretended that they are ſynonimous, (for it is ſometimes uſed in contradiſtinction to them) ſuch a diſtinction muſt exiſt.

Mr. Gilpin, from whoſe very ingenious and extenſive obſervations on this ſubject I have received great pleaſure and inſtruc-

tion,

tion, has given his ſanction to this common idea, by defining pictureſque objects to be thoſe " which pleaſe from ſome quality ca-" pable of being illuſtrated in painting *," or, as he again defines it in his Letter to Sir Joſhua Reynolds " ſuch objects " as are proper ſubjects for painting †." Both theſe definitions ſeem to me (what may perhaps appear a contradiction) at once too vague and too confined; for though we are not to expect any definition to be ſo accurate and comprehenſive, as both to ſupply the place and ſtand the teſt of inveſtigation, yet if it does not in ſome degree ſeparate the thing defined from all others, it differs little from any general truth on the ſame ſubject. For inſtance, it is very true, that pictureſque objects do pleaſe from ſome quality capable of being illuſtrated in painting; but ſo alſo does every object that is repreſented in painting if it pleaſes at all, otherwiſe it would not have

* Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty, page 1.

† End of Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty, page 36.

been painted; and from hence we ought to conclude (what certainly is not meant) that all objects which pleaſe in pictures are therefore pictureſque, for no diſtinction or excluſion is made. Were any other perſon to define pictureſque objects to be thoſe which pleaſe from ſome ſtriking effect of form, colour, or light and ſhadow, ſuch a definition would indeed give but a very indiſtinct idea of the thing defined; but, though hardly more vague than the others, it would be much leſs confined, for it would not have an excluſive reference to art.

I hope to ſhew, in the courſe of this work, that the pictureſque has a character not leſs ſeparate and diſtinct than either the ſublime or the beautiful, nor leſs independent of the art of painting. It has indeed been pointed out and illuſtrated by that art, and is one of its moſt ſtriking ornaments; but has not beauty been pointed out and illuſtrated by that art alſo?

Si Veńerem Cous nunquam poſuiſſet Apelles
Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Examine the forms of thoſe painters who lived before the age of Raphael, or in a country where the ſtudy of the antique (operating as it did at Rome on minds highly prepared for its influence) had not yet taught them to ſeparate what is beautiful from the general maſs; we might almoſt conclude that beauty did not then exiſt; yet thoſe painters were capable of exact imitation, but not of ſelection. Examine *grandeur* of form in the ſame manner; look at the dry meagre forms of A. Durer (a man of genius even in Raphael's eſtimation) of P. Perugino, A. Mantegna, &c. and compare them with thoſe of M. Angelo and Raphael: Nature was not more dry and meagre in Germany or Perugia than at Rome.—Compare the landſcapes and back grounds of ſuch artiſts with thoſe of Titian; Nature was not changed, but a mind of a higher caſt, and inſtructed by the experience of all who went before,

rejected minute detail, and pointed out, by means of ſuch ſelections and ſuch combinations, as were congenial to its own ſublime conceptions, in what forms, in what colours, and in what effects, grandeur in landſcape conſiſted. Can it then be doubted but that grandeur and beauty have been pointed out and illuſtrated by painting as well as pictureſqueneſs*? Yet, would it be a juſt definition of ſublime or of beautiful objects to ſay, that they were ſuch (and, let the words be taken in their moſt liberal conſtruction) as pleaſed from ſome quality capable of being illuſtrated in painting, or that were proper ſubjects for that art? The ancients, indeed, not only referred beauty of *form* to painting, but even beauty of *colour*; and the poet who could deſcribe his miſtreſs's complexion, by comparing it to the tints of Apelles's pictures, muſt

* I have ventured to make uſe of this word, which I believe does not occur in any writer, from what appeared to me the neceſſity of having ſome one word to oppoſe to beauty and ſublimity, in a work where they are ſo often compared.

have

have thought that beauty of every kind was highly illuſtrated by the art he referred to.

The principles of thoſe two leading characters in nature, the ſublime and the beautiful, have been fully illuſtrated and diſcriminated by a great maſter; but even when I firſt read that moſt original work, I felt that there were numberleſs objects which give great delight to the eye, and yet differ as widely from the beautiful as from the ſublime. The reflections I have ſince been led to make have convinced me that theſe objects form a diſtinct claſs, and belong to what may properly be called the pictureſque.

That term (as we may judge from its etymology) is applied only to objects of ſight, and that indeed in ſo confined a manner as to be ſuppoſed merely to have a reference to the art from which it is named. I am well convinced, however, that the name and reference only are limited and uncertain, and that the qualities which

make objects pictureſque are not only as diſtinct as thoſe which make them beautiful or ſublime, but are equally extended to all our ſenſations, by whatever organs they are received; and that muſic (though it appears like a ſoleciſm) may be as truly pictureſque, according to the general principles of pictureſqueneſs, as it may be beautiful or ſublime, according to thoſe of beauty or ſublimity.

There is, indeed, a general harmony and correſpondence in all our ſenſations when they ariſe from ſimilar cauſes, though they affect us by means of different ſenſes; and theſe cauſes (as Mr. Burke has admirably explained*) can never be ſo clearly aſcertained when we confine our obſervations to one ſenſe only.

I muſt here obſerve (and I wiſh the reader to keep it in his mind) that the enquiry is not in what ſenſe certain words are uſed in the beſt authors, ſtill leſs what is their common and vulgar uſe and abuſe;

* Sublime and Beautiful, page 236.

but

but whether there are certain qualities which uniformly produce the ſame effects in all viſible objects, and, according to the ſame analogy, in objects of hearing and of all the other ſenſes; and which qualities (though frequently blended and united with others in the ſame object or ſet of objects) may be ſeparated from them, and aſſigned to the claſs to which they belong.

If it can be ſhewn that a character compoſed of theſe qualities, and diſtinct from all others, does prevail through all nature; if it can be traced in the different objects of art and of nature, and appears conſiſtent throughout, it ſurely deſerves a diſtinct title; but with reſpect to the real ground of enquiry, it matters little whether ſuch a character, or the ſet of objects belonging to it, is called beautiful, ſublime, or picturesque, or by any other name, or by no name at all.

Beauty is ſo much the moſt enchanting and popular quality, that it is often applied

plied as the higheſt commendation to whatever gives us pleaſure, or raiſes our admiration, be the cauſe what it will. Mr. Burke has pointed out many inſtances of theſe ill-judged applications, and of the confuſion of ideas that reſult from them; but there is nothing more ill-judged, or more likely to create confuſion (if we agree with Mr. Burke in his idea of beauty) than the joining of it to the pictureſque, and calling the character by the title of Pictureſque Beauty *.

In

* Great part of what follows was written before I ſaw Mr. Gilpin's Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty. I had gained ſo much information on that ſubject from his other works, that I read it with great eagerneſs, on account of the intereſt I took in the ſubject itſelf, as well as from my opinion of the author. At firſt I thought my work had been anticipated; I was pleaſed however to find ſome of my ideas confirmed, and was in hopes of ſeeing many new lights ſtruck out; but as I advanced, that diſtinction between the two characters, that line of ſeparation which I thought would have been accurately marked out, became leſs and leſs viſible, till at length the beautiful and the pictureſque were more than ever mixed and incorporated together, the whole

In reality, the pictureſque not only differs from the beautiful in thoſe qualities Mr. Burke has ſo juſtly aſcribed to it, but ariſes from qualities the moſt diametrically oppoſite.

According to Mr. Burke, one of the moſt eſſential qualities of beauty is ſmoothneſs; now, as the perfection of ſmoothneſs is abſolute equality and uniformity of ſurface, wherever that prevails there can be but little variety or intricacy; as, for inſtance, in ſmooth level banks, on a ſmall, or in naked downs, on a large ſcale. Another eſſential quality of beauty is gradual variation; that is (to make uſe of Mr. Burke's expreſſion) where the lines do

whole ſubject involved in doubt and obſcurity, and a ſort of anathema denounced againſt any one who ſhould try to clear it up. Had I not advanced too far to think of retreating, I might poſſibly have been deterred by ſo abſolute a veto from ſuch authority; but I hope I ſhall not be thought preſumptuous for having ſtill continued my reſearches, though ſo diligent and acute an obſerver had given up the enquiry himſelf, and pronounced it hopeleſs.

not vary in a ſudden and broken manner, and where there is no ſudden protuberance. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that the excluſion of all but flowing lines cannot promote variety; and that ſudden protuberances, and lines that croſs each other in a ſudden and broken manner, are among the moſt fruitful cauſes of intricacy.

I am therefore perſuaded, that the two oppoſite qualities of roughneſs *, and of ſudden

* I have followed Mr. Gilpin's example in uſing roughneſs as a general term; he obſerves, however, that, "properly ſpeaking, roughneſs relates only to the ſurface of bodies; and that when we ſpeak of their delineation we uſe the word ruggedneſs." In making roughneſs (in this general ſenſe) a very principal diſtinction between the beautiful and the pictureſque, I believe I am ſupported by the general opinion of all who have conſidered the ſubject, as well as by Mr. Gilpin's authority. That authority is deſervedly ſo high, that where in other points I have the misfortune to differ from him, his opinion will of courſe be preferred to mine, unleſs I can clearly ſhew that it is ill founded: I muſt therefore endeavour to ſhew in what reſpects it is ill-founded, as often as theſe points occur, and with the

ſudden variation, joined to that of irregularity, are the moſt efficient cauſes of the pictureſque.

This, I think, will appear very clearly, if we take a view of thoſe objects, both natural and artificial, that are allowed to

the beſt of my abilities; for any thing ſhort of victory is in this caſe a defeat.

I will firſt mention, in general, the difficulties into which ſo ingenious a writer has been led from loſing ſight of that genuine and univerſal diſtinction between the beautiful and the pictureſque, which he himſelf had begun by eſtabliſhing, and which ſeparates their characters equally in nature and in art, and from confining himſelf to that unſatisfactory notion of a mere general reference to art only.

He has given it as his opinion, that "roughneſs forms the moſt eſſential point of difference between the beautiful and the pictureſque, and ſeems to be that particular quality which makes objects chiefly pleaſe in painting." He therefore has thought it neceſſary, in ſome inſtances, to exclude ſmooth objects from painting, and to ſhew, in others, that what is ſmooth in reality is rough in appearance; ſo that when we fancy ourſelves admiring the ſmoothneſs, we think we perceive (as in a calm lake) we are in fact admiring the roughneſs we have not obſerved. Of this I ſhall give inſtances in thoſe places where they will moſt naturally preſent themſelves.

be

be pictureſque, and compare them with thoſe which are as generally allowed to be beautiful.

A temple or palace of Grecian architecture in its perfect entire ſtate, and its ſurface and colour ſmooth and even, either in painting or reality, is beautiful; in ruin it is pictureſque *. Obſerve the proceſs

* Mr. Gilpin obſerves, that "a piece of Palladian architecture (which, I preſume, is only another term for regular Grecian architecture) may be elegant in the laſt degree; the proportion of its parts, the propriety of its ornaments, the ſymmetry of the whole, may be highly pleaſing; but, if we introduce it in a picture, it immediately *becomes* a formal object, and ceaſes to pleaſe." He adds, "ſhould we wiſh to give it pictureſque beauty, we muſt, from a ſmooth building, turn it into a rough ruin."

Mr. Gilpin's firſt point was, to ſhew that a building, to be pictureſque, muſt neither be ſmooth nor regular; and ſo far we agree. But then, to ſhew how much pictureſque beauty (to uſe his expreſſion) is preferred by painters to all other beauty, nay, how unfit beauty alone is for a picture, he makes the two aſſertions I have quoted, viz. that a piece of regular and finiſhed architecture becomes a formal object, and ceaſes to pleaſe when introduced in a picture; and that no

proceſs by which time (the great author of ſuch changes) converts a beautiful object

no painter, who had his choice, would heſitate a moment between that and a ruin.

Were this really the caſe, we muſt give up Claude as a landſcape painter; for he not only has introduced a number of perfect, regular, and ſmooth pieces of architecture into his pictures, but they frequently occupy the moſt conſpicuous parts of them; and I doubt whether he may not have painted more entire buildings, as *principal* objects, than he has ruins, though many more of the latter as *ſubordinate* ones.

Claude delighted in repreſenting ſcenes of feſtive pomp and magnificence, as well as of paſtoral life and retirement; but if we ſuppoſe his temples abandoned, his palaces deſerted and in ruins, the whole character of thoſe ſplendid compoſitions, which have ſo much contributed to raiſe him above the level of a mere landſcape painter, would be deſtroyed. Mr. Gilpin cannot but remember that beautiful ſea-port of his which did belong to Mr. Lock, and which (could pictures chuſe their own poſſeſſors) would never have left him. He muſt have obſerved, that the piece of architecture on the left hand was regular, perfect, and as ſmooth as ſuch a finiſhed building appears in nature.

But with regard to entire buildings, in contradiſtinction to ruins, the back grounds and landſcapes of all the great maſters, and particularly of N. and G. Pouſſin, are full of them, and the ruins few in proportion; ſo much ſo, that in the numerous ſet of Gaſpars, publiſhed by

ject into a pictureſque one. Firſt, by means of weather ſtains, partial incruſta-

by Vivares, there are ſcarce any ruins to be found among numberleſs entire buildings.

No painter more diligently ſtudied pictureſque diſpoſition and effect than Paul Veroneſe; yet architecture of the moſt regular and finiſhed kind forms a very eſſential part of his magnificent compoſitions. Many of theſe ſplendid edifices have ſo truly beautiful an appearance in pictures, eſpecially when they are accompanied (as in Claude's) by trees of elegant forms, and by a ſcenery, each part of which accords with their character, that one might reverſe Mr. Gilpin's poſition, and, I believe, with more truth aſſert, that a piece of Palladian architecture, however elegant, however well proportioned its parts, however well diſpoſed and ſelected its ornaments, how perfect ſoever the ſymmetry of the whole, yet, in the mere elevation, or placed (as it frequently is in reality) in a ſtreet with other buildings, or at the top of a lawn, naked and unaccompanied, is a formal object, and excites only a cold admiration of the architect's ability; but, when introduced in a picture, becomes a highly intereſting object, and univerſally pleaſes. I of courſe mean introduced as the beſt maſters have introduced and accompanied ſuch buildings, for there can be no doubt of the natural tendency of all regular architecture to formality.

The ſkill with which that formality has been avoided by the great painters, without deſtroying the ſmoothneſs or ſymmetry, is, perhaps, one of the ſtrongeſt arguments for ſtudying their works for the purpoſes of improvement.

tions,

tions, moſſes, &c. it at the ſame time takes off from the uniformity of its ſurface and of its colour; that is, gives it a degree of roughneſs, and variety of tint. Next, the various accidents of weather looſen the ſtones themſelves; they tumble in irregular maſſes upon what was perhaps ſmooth turf or pavement, or nicely trimmed walks and ſhrubberies, now mixed and overgrown with wild plants and creepers, that crawl over and ſhoot among the fallen ruins. Sedums, wall-flowers, and other vegetables that bear drought, find nouriſhment in the decayed cement from which the ſtones have been detached: Birds convey their food into the chinks, and yew, elder, and other berried plants project from the ſides, while the ivy mantles over other parts, and crowns the top. The even regular lines of the doors and windows are broken, and, through their ivy-fringed openings is diſplayed, in a more broken and pictureſque manner, that ſtriking image in Virgil:

Apparet domus intus, & atria longa pateſcunt;
Apparent Priami & veterum penetralia regum.

Gothic architecture is generally conſidered as more pictureſque, though leſs beautiful, than Grecian; and, upon the ſame principle that a ruin is more ſo than a new edifice. The firſt thing that ſtrikes the eye in approaching any building is the general outline againſt the ſky (or whatever it may be oppoſed to) and the effect of the openings: in Grecian buildings the general lines of the roof are ſtrait, and even when varied and adorned by a dome or a pediment, the whole has a character of ſymmetry * and regularity.

In

* Symmetry, which in works of art particularly, accords with the beautiful, is in the ſame degree adverſe to the pictureſque, and among the various cauſes of the ſuperior pictureſqueneſs of ruins, compared with entire buildings, the deſtruction of ſymmetry is by no means the leaſt powerful.

I hope it will not be ſuppoſed, that by admiring the pictureſque circumſtances of the Gothic, I mean to undervalue the ſymmetry and beauty of Grecian buildings: whatever comes to us from the Greeks has an irreſiſti-

ble

In Gothic buildings, the outline of the ſummit preſents ſuch a variety of forms, of turrets and pinnacles, ſome open, ſome fretted and variouſly enriched, that even where there is an exact correſpondence of parts, it is often diſguiſed by an appearance of ſplendid confuſion and irregularity. In the doors and windows of Gothic churches, the pointed arch has as much variety as any regular figure can well have, the eye too is not ſo ſtrongly conducted from the top of the one to that of the other, as by the parallel lines of the Grecian; and every perſon muſt be ſtruck with the extreme richneſs and intricacy of ſome of the principal windows of our cathedrals and ruined abbeys. In theſe laſt is diſplayed the triumph of the picturesque; and its charms to a painter's eye are often ſo great as to rival thoſe of beauty itſelf.

ble claim to our admiration; that diſtinguiſhed people ſeized on the true points both of beauty and grandeur in all the arts, and their architecture has juſtly obtained the ſame high pre-eminence as their ſculpture, poetry, and eloquence.

Some people may, perhaps, be unwilling to allow, that in ruins of Grecian and Gothic architecture any conſiderable part of the ſpectators pleaſure ariſes from the pictureſque circumſtances, and may chuſe to attribute the whole to what may juſtly claim a great ſhare in that pleaſure, the elegance or grandeur of their forms, the veneration of high antiquity, or the ſolemnity of religious awe; in a word, to the mixture of the two other characters: but were this true, yet there are many buildings, highly intereſting to all who have united the ſtudy of art with that of nature, in which beauty and grandeur are equally out of the queſtion; ſuch as hovels, cottages, mills, ragged inſides of old barns and ſtables, &c. whenever they have any marked and peculiar effect of form, tint, or light and ſhadow. In mills particularly, ſuch is the extreme intricacy of the wheels and the wood work; ſuch the ſingular variety of forms, and of lights and ſhadows, of moſſes and weather ſtains from

ſrom the conſtant moiſture, of plants ſpringing from the rough joints of the ſtones; ſuch the aſſemblage of every thing which moſt conduces to pictureſqueneſs, that even without the addition of water, an old mill has the greateſt charm for a painter.

It is owing to the ſame cauſes that a building with ſcaffolding has often a more pictureſque appearance than the building itſelf when the ſcaffolding is taken away—that old moſſy rough hewn park pales of unequal heights are an ornament to landſcape, eſpecially when they are partially concealed by thickets; while a neat poſt and rail, regularly continued round a field, and ſeen without any interruption, is one of the moſt unpictureſque, as being one of the moſt uniform of all boundaries.

But among all the objects of nature, there is none in which roughneſs and ſmoothneſs more ſtrongly mark the diſtinction between the two characters, than in water. A calm clear lake, with the

reflections of all that ſurround it, ſeen under the influence of a ſetting ſun, at the cloſe of an evening clear and ſerene as its own ſurface, is, perhaps, of all ſcenes, the moſt congenial to our ideas of beauty in its ſtricteſt and in its moſt general ſenſe.

Nay, though the ſcenery around ſhould be the moſt wild and pictureſque (I might almoſt ſay the moſt ſavage) every thing is ſo ſoftened and melted together by the reflection of ſuch a mirror, that the prevailing idea, even then, might poſſibly be that of beauty, as long as the water itſelf was chiefly regarded. On the other hand, all water whoſe ſurface is broken, and whoſe motion is abrupt and irregular, as univerſally accords with our ideas of the pictureſque; and whenever the word is mentioned, rapid and ſtony torrents and cataracts, and the waves daſhing againſt rocks, are among the firſt images that preſent themſelves to our imagination. The two characters alſo approach and balance each other, as roughneſs or ſmooth-

neſs, as gentle undulation or abruptneſs prevail*.

Among

* I have here the misfortune of differing from Mr. Gilpin: he ſays, "† If the lake be ſpread out on the canvaſs (and in this caſe it cannot be different in nature) the marmoreum æquor, pure, limpid, ſmooth as the poliſhed mirror, we acknowledge it to be pictureſque." No one, I believe, will be ſingular enough to deny that a lake in ſuch a ſtate is beautiful; then either the two terms are perfectly ſynonymous, or the two characters are mixed: in the latter caſe I muſt beg leave to quote a paſſage from Mr. Locke‡, on a different ſubject indeed, but of general application. "Theſe paſſions (fear, anger, ſhame, envy, &c.) are ſcarce any of them ſimple and alone, and wholly unmixed with others, though uſually, in diſcourſe and contemplation, that carries the name which operates ſtrongeſt, and appears moſt in the preſent ſtate of the mind." Now if ſmoothneſs (as Mr. Gilpin acknowledges) is at leaſt a conſiderable ſource of beauty; and if roughneſs (as he does not ſcruple to aſſent) is that which forms the moſt eſſential point of difference between the beautiful and the pictureſque, it ſurely is rather a contradiction to his own principles to call a lake in its ſmootheſt ſtate pictureſque, on account of ſuch interruptions to the abſolute ſmoothneſs (or rather uniformity) of its ſurface, as not only accord with beauty, but are often in themſelves ſources of beauty; ſuch as ſhades of various kinds, undulations, and reflections.

† Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty, page 22.

‡ On the Human Underſtanding, octavo edit. page 208.

Among trees, it is not the ſmooth young beech, or the freſh and tender aſh,

Upon the ſame grounds that he aſſerts the ſmooth lake to be pictureſque, ſo alſo does he give that character to the high-fed horſe with his ſmooth and ſhining coat, and upon the ſame grounds. If however * " a play of muſcles appearing through the fineneſs of the ſkin, gently ſwelling and ſinking into each other—his being all over lubricus aſpici, with reflections of light continually ſhifting upon him, and playing into each other," make an animal pictureſque, what then will make him beautiful? The interruption of his ſmoothneſs, by a variety of ſhades and colours (not ſudden and ſtrong, but " playing into each other, ſo that the eye glides up and down among their endleſs tranſitions") certainly will not ſupply the room of roughneſs in ſuch a degree as to over-balance the qualities of beauty, and aboliſh (as in the preſent inſtance) the very name."

It is true, that according to Mr. Gilpin's two definitions, both the lake and the horſe, in their ſmootheſt poſſible ſtate, are pictureſque; but they are no leſs oppoſite to that character, according to his more ſtrict and pointed method of defining it, by making roughneſs the moſt eſſential point of difference between that and the beautiful. After ſo plain and natural a diſtinction between the two characters, it ſurely would have been more ſimple and ſatisfactory to have named things according to their obvious and prevailing qualities, and to have allowed that painters ſometimes preferred beau-

* Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty, page 22.

tiful,

aſh*, but the rugged old oak, or knotty wych elm, that are pictureſque; nor is it neceſſary they ſhould be of great bulk; it is ſufficient if they are rough, moſſy, with a character of age, and with ſudden variations in their forms. The limbs of huge trees, ſhattered by lightning or tem-

tiful, ſometimes pictureſque, ſometimes grand and ſublime objects, and ſometimes objects where the two or the three characters were equally, or in different degrees, mixed with each other. It is a pity that talents like his, to which we owe ſo many juſt and curious remarks, ſhould ever have been employed in trying to reconcile what, in ſpite of any ingenuity, muſt appear a contradiction.

* As the young aſh (though at any age by no means a popular tree) is a favourite with painters, it muſt ſeem inconſiſtent to thoſe who refer the term to art only, that I ſhould deny it to be pictureſque. But as I have before remarked, if all the objects which painters have been fond of repreſenting were therefore to be called pictureſque, it would be a term of little diſtinction. The young aſh has every principle of beauty; freſhneſs and delicacy of foliage, ſmoothneſs of bark, elegance of form; nor am I ſurpriſed that the ſmooth and elegant Virgil ſhould call the aſh the moſt beautiful tree in the woods; but when its own leaves are changed to the autumnal tint, and when contraſted with ruder or more maſſive ſhapes or colours, it becomes part of a pictureſque circumſtance, without changing its own nature.

peſtuous

peſtuous winds, are in the higheſt degree pictureſque; but whatever is cauſed by thoſe dreaded powers of deſtruction muſt always have a tincture of the ſublime*.

If we next take a view of thoſe animals that are called pictureſque, the ſame qualities will be found to prevail. The aſs† is eminently ſo, much more

* There is a ſimile in Arioſto, in which the two characters are finely united:

Quale ſtordito, et ſtupido aratore,
Poi ch'e paſſato il fulmine; ſi leva
Di la, dove l'altiſſimo fragore
Preſſo agli uccifi buoi ſteſo l' aveva;
Che mira ſenza fronde, et ſenza onore
Il Pin che da lontan veder ſoleva
Tal ſi levo'l Pagano.

Milton ſeems to have thought of this ſimile; but the ſublimity both of his ſubject and of his own genius made him reject thoſe pictureſque circumſtances whoſe variety while it amuſes diſtracts the mind, and has kept it fixed on a few grand and awful images:

As when heaven's fire
Has ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blaſted heath.

† Mr. Gilpin, in his very ingenious work on foreſt ſcenery (from whence I have taken many of theſe examples of pictureſque animals) obſerves, that among all the

more than the horſe; and among horſes it is the wild foreſter with his rough coat, his mane and tail ragged and uneven, or the worn out cart-horſe with his ſtaring bones. The ſleek pampered ſteed with his high arched creſt and flowing mane is frequently repreſented in painting, but his prevailing character either there or in reality is that of beauty*.

Among

the tribes of animals ſcarce any one is more ornamental in landſcape than the aſs. He adds "in what this "pictureſque beauty conſiſts, whether in his pecu- "liar character, in his ſtrong lines, in his colour- "ing, in the roughneſs of his coat, or in the mix- "ture of them, would perhaps be difficult to aſcer- "tain." It gave me great ſatisfaction to find my ideas of the cauſes of the pictureſque confirmed by ſo attentive an obſerver as Mr. Gilpin, though he ſpeaks doubtingly; and I cannot help flattering myſelf, that as his authority has confirmed me in my ideas, ſo by tracing them through a greater variety of objects than his ſubject led him to conſider, I may ſhew the juſtneſs and accuracy of his ſuppoſitions. Mr. Gilpin very properly lays a ſtreſs on peculiarity of character; that very naturally ariſes from ſtrong lines and ſudden variations. What is perfectly ſmooth and flowing has proportionably leſs of peculiar character, and loſes in pictureſqueneſs what it may gain in beauty.

* This leads me to conſider a part of Mr. Gilpin's Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty that I own ſurpriſed me in the

Among dogs, the Pomeranian and the rough water dog are more pictureſque

the author of the laſt quoted paſſage as well as of ſeveral others in the eſſay juſt mentioned, which mark the true character and cauſe of the pictureſque in a maſterly manner, and ſhew how much and how well he had obſerved. If the criticiſm I am going to make is juſt, Mr. Gilpin has, I think, laid himſelf open to it by his excluſive fondneſs for the pictureſque, and by having carried to exceſs that poſition, of roughneſs being that particular quality which makes objects chiefly pleaſe in painting. From his partiality to this doctrine he ridicules the idea of having *beauty* repreſented in a picture, and addreſſing himſelf to the perſon he ſuppoſes to make ſo unpainter-like a requeſt, he ſays*, "The art of "painting allows you all you wiſh; you deſire to have a "beautiful object painted; your horſe, for inſtance, is "led out of the ſtable in all his pampered beauty. The "art of painting is ready to accommodate you; you "have the beautiful form you admired in nature ex-"actly transferred to canvaſs. Be then ſatisfied; the "art of painting has given you what you wanted. It is "no injury to the beauty of your Arabian if the painter "think he could have given the graces of his art more "forcibly to your cart horſe."

If a perſon ignorant of the art of painting was to be told, that a painter who wiſhed to give forcibly the *graces* of his art would prefer a cart horſe to an Arabian,

* Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty.

he

tureſque than the ſmooth ſpaniel or grey-hound; the ſhaggy goat than the ſheep; and

he would be apt to think there was ſomething very prepoſterous both in the art and the artiſt. This will always be the caſe when, inſtead of endeavouring to ſhew the agreement between art and nature, even when they appear moſt at variance, a myſterious barrier is placed between them to ſurprize and keep at a diſtance the uninitiated. To me the fact ſeems to be what one might naturally ſuppoſe; that Rubens, Vandyk, or Wovermans, when they wiſhed to ſhew the graces of their art, painted beautiful horſes; ſuch as the general ſenſe of mankind would call beautiful; gay pampered ſteeds with fine coats and high in fleſh. When they added, as they often did, a greater ſhare of pictureſque-neſs to theſe beautiful animals, it was not by degrading them to cart horſes and beaſts of burthen; it was by means of ſuch ſudden and ſpirited action, with ſuch a correſpondent and ſtrongly marked exertion of muſcles, ſuch wild diſorder in the mane, as might heighten the freedom and animation of their character, without injuring the elegance or grandeur of their form. If by giving *forcibly* the graces of his art is to be underſtood the giving them with powerful impreſſion, I cannot help thinking that Rubens, when he was transferring from nature to the canvaſs one of theſe noble animals in all the fulneſs and luxuriancy of beauty, little imagined that he was throwing away his powers, and that any of the rough high-boned cart horſes he had placed in ſcenes with which they accorded, were more ſtriking ſpeci-

mens

and theſe laſt are more ſo when their fleeces are rough and hang looſely than when they are juſt ſhorn. No animal indeed is ſo conſtantly introduced in landſcape as the ſheep, but that (as I obſerved before) does not prove ſuperior pictureſqueneſs; and I imagine, that beſides their innocent character, ſo ſuited to paſtoral ſcenes, of which they are the natural inhabitants, it ariſes from their being of a tint at once brilliant and mellow, and which unites happily with all objects, and alſo from their producing broader maſſes of light and ſhadow than any other ani-

mens of the graces of his art. In Wovermans alſo, the number of beautiful pampered ſteeds greatly exceeds that of his rough and pictureſque ones.

It would indeed be a wretched degradation of the art, if the horſes of Raphael, G. Romano, Polidore, N. Pouſſin, whoſe forms they had ſtudied with almoſt as much attention as thoſe of the human figure, had corrected the defects of common nature from their own exalted ideas of beauty and grandeur, and from thoſe of their great models, the ancient ſculptors, and in which they meant to diſplay (and not feebly) the graces of their art, ſhould in that reſpect not only be rivalled but vanquiſhed by a jade of Berchem or Paul Potter.

mal.

mal. The reverſe of this is true with regard to deer; their wild appearance, their lively action, their ſudden bounds, the intricacy of their branching horns, are circumſtances highly pictureſque; their effect in groupes is apt to be meagre and ſpotty.

Among ſavage animals, the lion with his ſhaggy mane is much more pictureſque than the lioneſs, though ſhe is equally an object of terror.

The effects of ſmoothneſs or roughneſs in producing the beautiful or the pictureſque is again clearly exemplified in the plumage of birds. Nothing more beautiful than feathers in their ſmooth ſtate, when the hand or eye glides over them without interruption; nothing more pictureſque as detached ornaments, or when ruffled by any accidental circumſtance, by any ſudden paſſion in the animal, or when they appear ſo from their natural arrangement. As all the effects of paſſion and of ſtrong emotion on the human figure and countenance

countenance are pictureſque, ſuch likewiſe are their effects on the plumage of birds; when inflamed with anger or with deſire, the firſt ſymptoms appear in their ruffled plumage *. The game cock, when he attacks his rival, raiſes the feathers of his neck, the purple pheaſant his creſt, and the peacock, when he feels the return of ſpring, ſhews his paſſion in the ſame manner,

And every feather ſhivers with delight.

Many birds have received from nature the ſame pictureſque appearance as in

* In all animals the ſame cauſes produce the ſame kind of effect. The briſtles of the wild boar, the quills on the fretful porcupine, are ſuddenly raiſed by ſudden emotions; and it is curious to obſerve how all that diſturbs inward calm creates a correſpondent roughneſs without.

The firſt ſymptoms of the interruption of that ſtate of the mind which ſo well anſwers to the beautiful is an interruption of outward ſmoothneſs. In man, when inflamed with anger, the eye-brows are contracted, the ſkin wrinkled; and the moſt terrible of animals ſhews the ſame pictureſque marks of rage and fierceneſs.

Παν δε τ' επισκυνιον κατω ἑλκεται οσσε καλυπτων.

others

others happens only accidentally: ſuch are the birds whoſe heads and necks are adorned with ruffs, with creſts, and with tufts of plumes, not lying ſmoothly over each other as thoſe of the back, but looſely and irregularly diſpoſed. Theſe are, perhaps, the moſt ſtriking and attractive of all birds (and it is the ſame in all other objects) as having that degree of roughneſs and irregularity which gives a ſpirit to ſmoothneſs and ſymmetry, and as theſe laſt qualities prevail, the reſult of the whole is juſtly called beautiful *.

Birds

* Mr. Gilpin thinks the reſult of plumage (and he makes no exception) is pictureſque. The whole paſſage ſeems to me another ſtriking inſtance of his excluſive fondneſs for that character, and of his unwillingneſs, on that account, to allow any beauty or merit to ſmoothneſs. Indeed, as he ſuppoſes the pictureſque ſolely to refer to painting, and that pictures can ſcarcely admit of any objects which are not of that character, and as he alſo allows (or rather aſſerts) that roughneſs is its diſtinguiſhing quality, it became neceſſary either to allow that an object might be pictureſque without being rough, which would contradict his aſſertion, or to ſhew that there were other qualities which would render it

Birds of prey have generally more of the pictureſque from the angular form of their beaks,

ſo in ſpite of its ſmoothneſs, or, to uſe his own expreſſion, would ſupply the room of roughneſs.

Speaking of the plumage of birds *, "nothing," he ſays, "can be ſofter, nothing ſmoother to the touch; yet it certainly is pictureſque." He then obſerves, "it is not the ſmoothneſs of the ſurface which produces the effect; it is not this we admire; it is the breaking of the colours; it is the bright green or purple, changing perhaps into a rich azure or velvet black; from thence taking a ſemitint, and ſo on through all the varieties of colours: or if the colour be not changeable, it is the harmony we admire in theſe elegant little touches of nature's pencil."

It is ſingular that the colours of birds, and particularly the changeable ones, from which Mr. Burke has taken ſome of his happieſt illuſtrations of the beautiful, ſhould, by Mr. Gilpin, not only be cited as ſources of the pictureſque, but as ſo abounding in that quality as to beſtow on ſmoothneſs the effect of roughneſs. He has laid it down as a maxim, that a ſmooth building muſt be turned into a rough one, before it can be pictureſque; yet, in this inſtance, a ſmooth bird may be made ſo by means of colours, many of which, with their gradations and changes, are univerſally acknowledged and admired as beautiful.

I cannot help repeating the ſame queſtion on this

* Eſſay on Pictureſque Beauty, page 23.

ſubject

beaks, the rough feathers on their legs, their crooked talons, their colour (on which I ſhall

ſubject as on the preceding one; if beautiful and changeable colours, with their gradations, added to ſoftneſs and ſmoothneſs of plumage, and to the harmony of the elegant little touches of nature's pencil, make birds pictureſque, what then are the qualities which make them beautiful?

I have preſſed ſtrongly on theſe points of difference between Mr. Gilpin and me, becauſe I think it very eſſential to the chief object I have had in view, that of recommending the ſtudy of pictures, and of the principles of painting, as the beſt guide to that of nature, and to the improvement of real landſcape. Could it be ſuppoſed that for the purpoſe of his own art a painter would in general prefer a worn-out cart-horſe to a beautiful Arabian;—or that ſuch pieces of architecture as were univerſally admired for their beauty and elegance would, if introduced in a picture, become formal, and ceaſe to pleaſe;—no man would be diſpoſed to conſult an art which contradicted all his natural feelings: But were he to be informed that painters have always admired and ſought for beauty of every kind in animals as well as in the human ſpecies (and ſtrange it would be were it otherwiſe); that they neither reject ſmoothneſs nor ſymmetry, but only the ill-judged and tireſome diſplay of them; that with regard to regular and perfect architecture, it made a principal ornament in pictures of the higheſt claſs, but that while its ſmoothneſs, ſymmetry, and regularity were preſerved, its formality was avoid-

I ſhall ſay more hereafter) as well as from their action and energy; all this counterbalances the general ſmoothneſs of the plumage on their backs and wings *, which they

ed; in ſhort, that the ſtudy of painting, far from abridging his pleaſures, would open a variety of new ſources of amuſement, and, without cutting off the old ones, only direct them into better channels—he might be diſpoſed to conſult an art which promiſed many freſh and untaſted delights, without forcing him to abandon all he had enjoyed before.

* Pindar's celebrated deſcription of the eagle, which Mr. Gilpin has quoted as equally poetical and pictureſque, and which I believe has always been thought ſo, ſeems to me to afford a convincing proof how natural it is for all men, when they deſign to produce a pictureſque image, to avoid every idea of ſmoothneſs.

The *ruffled* plumage of the eagle (which Mr. Gilpin has put in Italics, as the circumſtance which moſt ſtrongly marks that character) is both in Mr. Weſt's tranſlation and Mr. Gray's imitation; but as far as I can judge, there is not the leaſt trace of it in the original. I have not the moſt diſtant pretenſions to any critical knowledge of the Greek language; yet ſtill I think, that by the help of thoſe interpreters who have ſtudied it critically, an unlearned man, if he feels the ſpirit of a paſſage, may arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the force of the expreſſions. From them it appears to me, that far from deſcribing the eagle with *ruffled* plumes, or with

they have in common with the reſt of the feathered creation. Laſtly, among our own

with any circumſtance truly pictureſque, Pindar has, on the contrary, avoided every idea that might diſturb the repoſe and majeſtic beauty of his image. After he has deſcribed the eagle's flagging wing, he adds ὑγρον τωτον αιωρει, which is ſo oppoſite to ruffled, that it ſeems to ſignify that perfect ſmoothneſs and ſleekneſs given by moiſture; that oily ſuppleneſs ſo different from any thing criſp or rumpled, as ὑγρον ελαιον expreſſes the ſmooth, ſuppling, undrying quality of oil. The learned Chriſtianus Damm, in his Lexicon, interprets κνωσσων ὑγρον τωτον αιωρει, dormiens incurvatum (vel potius *lævε*) tergum attollit, and the action is that of a gentle heaving from reſpiration during a quiet repoſe. In another place Damm interprets ὑγροτης, mollities; all equally oppoſite to ruffled. Indeed one might almoſt ſuppoſe that Pindar, having intended to preſent an image both ſublime and beautiful, had avoided every thing that might diſturb its ſtill and ſolemn grandeur, for he has thrown as it were into ſhade the moſt marked and pictureſque feature of that noble bird; κελαινωπιν δ' επι οι νεφελαν αγκυλω κρατι, βλεφαρων ἀδυ κλαιστρον, κατεχευας; a feature which Homer, in a ſimile full of action and pictureſque imagery, has placed in its fulleſt light:

Οι δ' ὡστ' αιγυπιοι γαμψωνυχες, αγκυλοχειλαι,
Πετρῃ εφ υψηλῃ μεγαλα κλαζοντε μαχονται.

Having been bold enough to criticiſe both the tranſlation and imitation of Pindar, I ſhall venture one ſtep farther,

own ſpecies, beggars, gypſies, and all ſuch rough tattered figures as are merely pictureſque, bear a cloſe analogy, in all the qualities that make them ſo, to old hovels and mills, to the wild foreſt horſe, and other objects of the ſame kind.

More dignified characters, ſuch as a Be-

farther, and try to account for the paſſage having been ſo rendered. I think Mr. Weſt and Mr. Gray might probably have been impreſſed with the ſame idea as Mr. Gilpin, that the imagery in this paſſage was highly pictureſque, but might have felt that ſmooth feathers would not accord with that character, and therefore perhaps (as Sir Joſhua Reynolds obſerves on Algarotti's ill-founded eulogium of a picture of Titian) they choſe to find in Pindar what they thought they ought to have found. With all the reſpect I have for their abilities (and Mr. Gray's cannot be rated too high) I muſt think that by one word they have changed the character of that famous paſſage, and it may be doubted whether they have improved it.

Were their image repreſented in painting it might be more ſtriking, more catching to the eye than Pindar's, and that is the true character of the pictureſque; but his would have more of that repoſe, that ſolemn breadth, that freedom from all buſtle, which I believe accords more truly with the genuine unmixed characters both of beauty and ſublimity *, and with the ideas of the great original.

* Vide Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Notes in Maſon's Du Freſnoy, p. 86.

liſarius,

liſarius, a Marius in age and exile *, have the ſame mixture of pictureſqueneſs and decayed grandeur as the venerable remains of the magnificence of paſt ages.

If we aſcend to the higheſt order of created beings, as painted by the grandeſt of our poets, they, in their ſtate of glory and happineſs, raiſe chiefly ideas of beauty and ſublimity: like earthly objects, they become pictureſque when † ruined—when ſhadows have obſcured their original brightneſs, and that uniform, though angelic expreſſion of pure love and joy, has been deſtroyed by a variety of warring paſſions:

Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat

* The noble picture of Salvator Roſa, at Lord Townſend's, which in the print is called Beliſarius, has been thought to be a Marius among the ruins of Carthage.

† Nor appear'd
Leſs than archangel *ruin'd*, and the exceſs
Of glory obſcured.

Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion.

If from nature we turn to that art from which the expreſſion itſelf is taken, we ſhall find all the principles of pictureſqueneſs confirmed. Among painters, Salvator Roſa is one of the moſt remarkable for his pictureſque ſtile, and in no other maſter are ſeen ſuch abrupt and rugged forms, ſuch ſudden deviations both in his figures and his landſcapes; and the roughneſs and broken touches of his pencilling admirably accord with the objects they characteriſe.

Guido, on the other hand, was as eminent for beauty; in his celeſtial countenances are the happieſt examples of gradual variation—of lines that melt and flow into each other; no ſudden break—nothing that can diſturb that pleaſing languor which the union of all that conſtitutes beauty impreſſes on the ſoul. The

ſtile

ſtile of his hair is as ſmooth as its own character and its effect in accompanying the face will allow; the flow of his drapery—the ſweetneſs and equality of his pencilling—and the ſilvery clearneſs and purity of his tints, are all examples of the juſtneſs of Mr. Burke's principles of beauty. But the works even of this great maſter ſhew us how unavoidably an attention to mere beauty and flow of outline will lead towards ſameneſs and inſipidity. If this has happened to a painter of ſuch high excellence, who ſo well knew the value of all that belongs to his art, and whoſe touch, when he painted a St. Peter or a St. Jerome, was as much admired for its ſpirited and characteriſtic roughneſs, as for its equality and ſmoothneſs in his angels and madonnas,—what muſt be the caſe with men who have been tethered all their lives in a clump or a belt.

There is another inſtance of contraſt between two eminent painters, which I cannot

not forbear mentioning, as it confirms the alliance between roughneſs and picturesqueneſs, and between ſmoothneſs and beauty, and ſhews, in the latter caſe, the conſequent danger of ſameneſs. Of all the painters who have left behind them a high reputation, none, perhaps, was more uniformly ſmooth than Albano, or leſs deviated into abruptneſs of any kind; none alſo have greater monotony of character; but, from the extreme beauty and delicacy of his forms, and his tints (particularly in his children) and his exquiſite finiſhing, few pictures are more generally captivating.

His ſcholar, Mola, (and that circumſtance makes it more ſingular) is as remarkable for many of thoſe oppoſite qualities that diſtinguiſh S. Roſa, though he has not the boldneſs and animation of that original genius. There is hardly any painter whoſe pictures more immediately catch the eye of a connoiſſeur, than thoſe of Mola, or that leſs attract the notice of

a perſon unuſed to painting. Salvator has a ſavage grandeur, often in the higheſt degree ſublime; and ſublimity, in any ſhape, will command attention; but Mola's ſcenes and figures, for the moſt part, are neither ſublime nor beautiful; they are purely pictureſque: his touch is leſs rough than Salvator's; his colouring has, in general, more richneſs and variety; and his pictures ſeem to me the moſt perfect examples of the higher ſtile of pictureſqueneſs, infinitely removed from vulgar nature, but having neither the ſoftneſs and delicacy of beauty, nor that grandeur of conception which produces the ſublime.

CHAPTER IV.

PICTURESQUENESS, therefore, appears to hold a ſtation between beauty and ſublimity; and on that account, perhaps, is more frequently and more happily blended with them both than they are with each other. It is, however, perfectly diſtinct from either; and firſt, with reſpect to beauty, it is evident, from all that has been ſaid, that they are founded on very oppoſite qualities; the one on ſmoothneſs *, the other on roughneſs;—the one on

* Baldneſs ſeems to be an exception, as there ſmoothneſs is pictureſque, and not beautiful. It is, however, an exception, which, inſtead of weakening, confirms what I have ſaid, and ſhews the conſtant oppoſition of the two characters, even where their cauſes appear to be confounded.

Baldneſs

on gradual, the other on ſudden variation; —the one on ideas of youth and freſhneſs, the other on that of age, and even of decay.

But as moſt of the qualities of viſible beauty (excepting colour) are made known to us through the medium of another ſenſe, the ſight itſelf is hardly more to be attended to than the touch, in regard to all thoſe ſenſations which are excited by beautiful forms; and the diſtinction between the beautiful and the pictureſque will, perhaps, be moſt ſtrongly pointed out by means of the latter ſenſe. I am aware that this is liable to a groſs and obvious ridicule; but for that reaſon none but

Baldneſs is the ſmoothneſs of age and decay, not of youth, health, and freſhneſs: it is pictureſque from producing variety and peculiarity of character; from deſtroying the uſual ſymmetry and regularity of the face, and ſubſtituting an uncertain inſtead of a certain boundary.

When a bald head is well plaiſtered and flowered, and the boundary of the forehead diſtinctly marked in pomatum and powder, it has as little pretenſion to pictureſqueneſs as to beauty.

groſs and common-place minds will dwell upon it.

Mr. Burke has obſerved, that * "men are carried to the ſex, in general, as it is the ſex, and by the common law of nature; but they are attached to particulars by perſonal *beauty*;" he adds, "I call beauty a ſocial quality; for where women and men, and not only they, but when other animals give us a ſenſe of joy and pleaſure in beholding them (and there are many that do ſo) they inſpire us with ſentiments of tenderneſs and affection towards their perſons; we like to have them near us, and we enter willingly into a kind of relation with them."

Theſe ſentiments of tenderneſs and affection nature has taught us to expreſs by careſſes, by gentle preſſure; theſe are the endearments we make uſe of (where ſex is totally out of the queſtion) to beautiful children, to beautiful animals, and even to things inanimate; and where the ſize and

* Sublime and Beautiful, p. 66.

character

character (as in trees, buildings, &c.) excludes any ſuch relation, ſtill ſomething of the ſame difference of ſenſation between them and rugged objects appears to ſubſiſt; that ſenſation however is diminiſhed as the ſize of any beautiful object is encreaſed; and as it approaches towards grandeur and magnificence, it recedes from lovelineſs.

As the eye borrows many of its ſenſations from the touch, ſo that again ſeems to borrow others from the ſight. Soft, freſh, and beautiful colours, though "not ſenſible to feeling as to ſight," give us an inclination to try their effect on the touch; whereas, if the colour be not beautiful, that inclination, I believe, is always diminiſhed, and, in objects merely pictureſque, and void of all beauty, is rarely excited *.

* I have read, indeed, in ſome fairy tale, of a country where age and wrinkles were loved and careſſed, and youth and freſhneſs neglected; but in real life, I fancy, the moſt pictureſque old woman, however her admirer may ogle her on that account, is perfectly ſafe from his careſſes.

Theſe

Theſe are the principal circumſtances by which the pictureſque is ſeparated from the beautiful. It is equally diſtinct from the ſublime; for though there are ſome qualities common to them both, yet they differ in many eſſential points, and proceed from very different cauſes. In the firſt place, greatneſs of dimenſion * is a powerful cauſe of the ſublime; the pictureſque has no connection with dimenſion of any kind (in which it differs from the beautiful alſo) and is as often found in the ſmalleſt as in the largeſt objects.—The ſublime being founded on principles of awe and terror, never deſcends to any thing light or playful; the pictureſque, whoſe charac-

* I would by no means lay too much ſtreſs on greatneſs of dimenſion; but what Mr. Burke has obſerved with regard to buildings, is true of many natural objects, ſuch as rocks, caſcades, &c.; where the ſcale is too diminutive, no greatneſs of manner will give them grandeur.

teriſtics

teriſtics are intricacy and variety, is equally adapted to the grandeſt and to the gayeſt ſcenery.—Infinity is one of the moſt efficient cauſes of the ſublime; the boundleſs ocean, for that reaſon, inſpires awful ſenſations: to give it pictureſqueneſs you muſt deſtroy that cauſe of its ſublimity; for it is on the ſhape and diſpoſition of its boundaries that the pictureſque in great meaſure muſt depend.

Uniformity (which is ſo great an enemy to the pictureſque) is not only compatible with the ſublime, but often the cauſe of it. That general equal gloom which is ſpread over all nature before a ſtorm, with the ſtillneſs ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakeſpear, is in the higheſt degree ſublime *. The pictureſque requires greater variety, and does not ſhew itſelf till the dreadful

* And as we often ſee againſt a ſtorm
A ſilence in the heavens, the wrack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb itſelf
As huſh as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Does rend the region.

thunder has rent the region, has toſſed the clouds into a thouſand towering forms, and opened (as it were) the receſſes of the ſky. A blaze of light unmixed with ſhade, on the ſame principles, tends to the ſublime only: Milton has placed light, in its moſt glorious brightneſs, as an inacceſſible barrier round the throne of the Almighty:

> For God is light,
> And never but in unapproached light
> Dwelt from eternity.

And ſuch is the power he has given even to its diminiſhed ſplendor,

> That the brighteſt ſeraphim
> Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

In one place, indeed, he has introduced very pictureſque circumſtances in his ſublime repreſentation of the deity; but it is of the deity in wrath,—it is when from the weakneſs and narrowneſs of our conceptions we give the names and the effects of our paſſions to the all-perfect Creator:

And clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd.

In general, however, where the glory, power, or majeſty of God are repreſented, he has avoided that variety of form and of colouring which might take off from ſimple and uniform grandeur, and has encompaſſed the divine eſſence with unapproached light, or with the majeſty of darkneſs.

Again, (if we deſcend to earth) a perpendicular rock of vaſt bulk and height, though bare and unbroken,—a deep chaſm under the ſame circumſtances, are objects that produce awful ſenſations; but without ſome variety and intricacy, either in themſelves or their accompaniments, they will not be pictureſque.—Laſtly, a moſt eſſential difference between the two characters is, that the ſublime by its ſolemnity takes off from the lovelineſs of beauty*, whereas

* Majeſty and love, ſays the poet who had moſt ſtudied the art of love, never can dwell together; and

whereas the pictureſque renders it more captivating.

According to Mr. Burke *, the paſſion cauſed by the great and ſublime in *nature*, when thoſe cauſes operate moſt powerfully, is aſtoniſhment; and aſtoniſhment is that ſtate of the ſoul in which all its motions are ſuſpended with ſome degree of horror: the ſublime alſo, being founded on ideas of pain and terror, like them operates by ſtretching the fibres beyond their natural tone. The paſſion excited by beauty is love and complacency; it acts by relaxing the fibres ſomewhat below their natural tone †, and this is accompanied

therefore Juno, whoſe beauty was united with majeſty, had no captivating charms till ſhe had put on the ceſtus; that is, till ſhe had changed dignity for coquetry.

* Sublime and Beautiful, Part II. Sect. 1.

† I have heard this part of Mr. Burke's book criticiſed, on a ſuppoſition that pleaſure is more generally produced from the fibres being ſtimulated than from their being relaxed. To me it appears that Mr. Burke is right with reſpect to that pleaſure which is the effect of beauty,

companied by an inward ſenſe of melting and languor.

Whether this account of the effects of ſublimity and beauty be ſtrictly philoſophical, has, I believe, been queſtioned, but whether the fibres, in ſuch caſes, are really

beauty, or whatever has an analogy to beauty, according to the principles he has laid down. No man (if we may judge from his confeſſions) ever felt more ſtrongly than Rouſſeau both the ſtimulus of ſenſual pleaſure and all the violent and rapturous emotions of paſſion; yet what he deſcribes as the moſt exquiſite enjoyment of love and beauty is clearly when the fibres are relaxed ſomewhat below their natural tone: O jeuneſſe, ſi je regrette tes plaiſirs, ce n'eſt pas pour l' heure de la jouiſſance, c'eſt pour celle qui la ſuit.

If we examine our feelings on a warm genial day, in a ſpot full of the ſofteſt beauties of nature, the fragrance of ſpring breathing around us, pleaſure then ſeems to be our natural ſtate; to be received, not ſought after; it is the happineſs of exiſting to ſenſations of delight only; we are unwilling to move, almoſt to think, and deſire only to feel, to enjoy.

How different is that active purſuit of pleaſure when the fibres are braced by a keen air in a wild romantic ſituation; when the activity of the body almoſt keeps pace with that of the mind, and eagerly ſcales every rocky promontory, explores every new receſs. Such is the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque.

ſtretched or relaxed, it preſents a lively image of the ſenſations often produced by love and aſtoniſhment. To purſue the ſame train of ideas, I may add, that the effect of the pictureſque is curioſity; an effect which, though leſs ſplendid and powerful, has a more general influence; it neither relaxes nor violently ſtretches the fibres, but by its active agency keeps them to their full tone, and thus, when mixed with either of the other characters, corrects the languor of beauty, or the horror of ſublimity. But as the nature of every corrective muſt be to take off from the peculiar effect of what it is to correct, ſo does the pictureſque when united to either of the others. It is the coquetry of nature; it makes beauty more amuſing, more varied, more playful, but alſo,

"Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild."

Again, by its variety, its intricacy, its partial concealments, it excites that active curioſity which gives play to the mind, looſening

looſening thoſe iron bonds with which aſtoniſhment chains up its faculties *.

Where characters, however diſtinct in their nature, are perpetually mixed together in ſuch various degrees and manners, it is not always eaſy to draw the exact line of ſeparation: I think, however, we may conclude, that where an object, or a ſet of objects, is without ſmoothneſs or grandeur, but from its intricacy, its ſudden and irregular deviations, its variety of forms, tints, and lights and ſhadows, is intereſting to a cultivated eye, it is ſimply pictureſque; ſuch, for inſtance, are the rough banks that often incloſe a bye-road or a hollow lane: Imagine the ſize of theſe banks and the ſpace between them to be increaſed till the lane becomes a deep dell, —the coves large caverns,—the peeping ſtones hanging rocks, ſo that the whole

* This ſeems to be perfectly applicable to tragi-comedy, and is at once its apology and condemnation. Whatever relieves the mind from a ſtrong impreſſion, of courſe weakens that impreſſion.

may impreſs an idea of awe and grandeur;—the ſublime will then be mixed with the pictureſque, though the ſcale only, not the ſtyle of the ſcenery, would be changed. On the other hand, if parts of the banks were ſmooth and gently ſloping,—or the middle ſpace a ſoft cloſe-bitten turf,—or if a gentle ſtream paſſed between them, whoſe clear unbroken ſurface reflected all their varieties,—the beautiful and the pictureſque, by means of that * ſoftneſs and ſmoothneſs, would then be united.

* Softneſs as well as ſmoothneſs is become by habit a viſible quality, and from the ſame kind of ſympathy is a principle of beauty in many viſible objects. But as the hardeſt bodies are thoſe which receive the higheſt poliſh, and conſequently the higheſt degree of ſmoothneſs, there are a number of objects in which ſmoothneſs and ſoftneſs are for that reaſon incompatible. The one however is not unfrequently miſtaken for the other, and I have more than once heard pictures which were ſo ſmoothly finiſhed that they looked like ivory commended for their ſoftneſs.

The ſkin of a delicate woman is an example of ſoftneſs and ſmoothneſs united; but if by art a higher poliſh is given to the ſkin, the ſoftneſs and (in that caſe I may

add) the beauty is deſtroyed. Fur, moſs, hair, wool, &c. are comparatively rough, but are ſoft and yield to preſſure, and therefore take off from the appearance of hardneſs, and alſo of edgineſs; a ſtone or rock poliſhed by water is ſmoother but leſs ſoft than when covered with moſs, and upon this principle the wooded banks of a river have often a ſofter general effect than the bare ſhaven border of a canal. There is the ſame difference between the graſs of a pleaſure-ground mowed to the quick and that of a freſh meadow, and it frequently happens that by continual mowing the verdure as well as the ſoftneſs is deſtroyed, ſo much does exceſſive attachment to one principle deſtroy its own ends.

All this ſhews that the two characters though diſtinct are ſeldom wholly unmixed, for as there are pictureſque circumſtances in many beautiful entire buildings, ſo there are alſo circumſtances of beauty in many pictureſque ruins.

CHAPTER V.

OF the three characters, two only are in any degree ſubject to the improver; to *create* the ſublime is above our contracted powers, though we may ſometimes heighten, and at all times lower its effects by art. It is, therefore, on a proper attention to the beautiful and the picturesque, that the art of improving real landſcapes muſt depend.

As beauty is the moſt pleaſing of all ideas to the human mind, it is very natural that it ſhould be moſt ſought after, and that the name ſhould have been applied to every ſpecies of excellence. Mr. Burke has done a great deal towards ſettling the vague and contradictory ideas which were entertained on that ſubject, by inveſtigating

ing its principal cauſes and effects; but as the beſt things are often perverted to the worſt purpoſes, ſo his admirable treatiſe has, perhaps, been one cauſe of the inſipidity that has prevailed under the name of improvement. Few places have any claim to ſublimity, and where nature has not given them that character, art is ineffectual; beauty, therefore, is the great object, and improvers have learned from the higheſt authority, that two of its principal cauſes are ſmoothneſs and gradual variation; theſe qualities are in themſelves very ſeducing, but they are ſtill more ſo (when applied to the ſurface of ground) from its being in every man's power to produce them; it requires neither taſte nor invention, but merely the mechanical hand and eye of many a common labourer, and he who can make a nice aſparagus bed has one of the moſt eſſential qualifications of an improver, and may ſoon learn the whole myſtery of ſlopes and hanging levels.

If the principles of the beautiful, according to Mr. Burke, and thoſe of the pictureſque, according to my ideas, are juſt, it ſeldom happens that they are perfectly unmixed; and, I believe, it is for want of obſerving how nature has blended them, and from attempting to make objects beautiful by dint of ſmoothneſs and flowing lines, that ſo much inſipidity has ariſen.

The moſt enchanting object the eye of man can behold, that which immediately preſents itſelf to his imagination when beauty is mentioned—that, in compariſon of which all other beauty appears taſteleſs and unintereſting, is the face of a beautiful woman; but even there, where nature has fixed the throne of beauty, the very ſeat of its empire, ſhe has guarded it, in her moſt perfect models, from its two dangerous foes — inſipidity and monotony. The Greeks (who cannot be accuſed of having neglected the ſtudy of beauty, or, like Dutch painters, of having ſervilely copied whatever was before them)

judged

judged that the ſtrait line of the noſe and forehead was neceſſary to give a zeſt to all the other flowing lines of the face; then the eyebrows and the eyelaſhes, by their projecting ſhade over the tranſparent ſurface of the eye, and above all the hair, by its comparative roughneſs and its partial concealments, accompany and relieve the ſoftneſs, clearneſs, and ſmoothneſs of all the reſt; where the hair has no natural roughneſs, it is often artificially curled and criſped *, and it cannot be ſuppoſed that both

* The inſtrument for that purpoſe is certainly of very ancient date, as Virgil (who probably ſtudied the coſtume of the heroic age) ſuppoſes it to have been in uſe at the time of the Trojan war, and makes Turnus ſpeak contemptuouſly of Æneas for having his locks perfumed, and, as Madame de Sevignè expreſſes it, friſés naturellement avec des fers;

Vibratos calido ferro myrrhâque madentes.

The *natural* roughneſs or criſpneſs of hair is often mentioned as a beauty—l'aurée *creſpe* crini—capelli *creſpe* & lunghe & d'oro.

In many points the hair has a ſtriking relation to trees; they reſemble each other in their intricacy, their ductility, the quickneſs of their growth, their ſeeming to acquire

both ſexes have been ſo often miſtaken in what would beſt become them.

Flowers are the moſt delicate and beautiful of all inanimate objects, but their queen, the roſe, grows on a rough buſh, whoſe leaves are ſerrated, and which is full of thorns. The moſs roſe has the addition of a rough hairy fringe, that almoſt makes a part of the flower itſelf. The arbutus, with its fruit, its pendant flowers, and rich gloſſy foliage, is, perhaps, the moſt beautiful of all the hardier evergreen ſhrubs; but the bark of it is rugged, and the leaves (which, like thoſe of the

acquire freſh vigour from being cut, and in their being detached from the ſolid bodies whence they ſpring; they are the varied boundaries, the looſe and airy fringes, without which mere earth or mere fleſh, however beautifully formed, are bald and imperfect, and want their moſt becoming ornament.

In catholic countries, where thoſe unfortunate victims of avarice and ſuperſtition are ſuppoſed to renounce all idea of pleaſing our ſex, the firſt ceremony is that of cutting off their hair, as a ſacrifice of the moſt ſeducing ornament of beauty; and the formal edge of the fillet, that prevents a ſingle hair from eſcaping, is well contrived to deaden the effect of features.

roſe,

roſe, are ſawed at the edges) have thoſe edges pointed upwards, and cluſtering in ſpikes; and it may poſſibly be from that circumſtance, and from the boughs having the ſame upright tendency, that Virgil calls it arbutus horrida, or, as it ſtands in ſome manuſcripts *, horrens. Among the

* This epithet is frequently applied to ſharp pointed and jagged objects, in the ſame upright poſition—horrentibus haſtis—cautibus horrens Caucaſus—horridior ruſco, &c. The Delphin edition ſuppoſes it to be called horrida, quia raris eſt foliis; but the arbutus is far from being thin of leaves, when in a flouriſhing ſtate. Ruæus may probably have taken this idea from a verſe in the 7th Eclogue—rarâ tegit arbutus umbrâ, which he interprets, raris inumbrat foliis; but in another place Virgil calls it, frondentia arbuta; and if rarâ, in the firſt paſſage, does mean thin (as Martyn has alſo rendered it) it accords but ill with tegit, and with the ſhepherd's requeſt—ſolſtitium pecori defendite: I therefore imagine rarâ may mean, in that place, (as it does in many languages) excellent—rarum, quod non ubique reperitur, unde pro præſtanti ſumitur. Stef. Theſ. Martyn thinks it is called horrida from the roughneſs of the bark; but an epithet, which applies to the tree in general, is more likely to be given from the general outward form than from a particular part leſs apparent, and often entirely hid. Many plants point their leaves *downwards*, as the lilac, cheſnut, Portugal laurel, &c. Whoever will compare

the foreign oaks, maples, &c. thoſe are particularly eſteemed, whoſe leaves (according to a common, though perhaps contradictory phraſe) are beautifully jagged.

The oriental plane has always been reckoned a tree of the greateſt beauty: Xerxes' paſſion for one of them is well known, as alſo the high eſtimation they were held in by the Greeks and Romans: the ſurface of its leaves is ſmooth and gloſſy, and of a bright pleaſant green; but they are ſo deeply indented, and ſo full of ſharp angles, that the tree itſelf is often diſtinguiſhed by the name of the true *jagged* oriental plane.

The vine leaf has, in * all reſpects, a

pare the arbutus and the Portugal laurel, both whoſe leaves are ſerrated, will find how ſtrongly the epithet, horrens, applies to the former. Of the verb horreo, Stephens ſays, proprie cum pili ſetæque in animante eriguntur; vulgarly, ſtand an end; capilli horrent.

* The leaf of the Burgundy vine is rough, and its inferiority, in point of beauty, to the ſmooth-leaved vines, is, I think, very apparent, and clearly owing to that circumſtance.

ſtrong

ſtrong reſemblance to the leaf of the plane, and that extreme richneſs of effect, which every body muſt be ſtruck with in them both, is greatly owing to thoſe ſharp angles, thoſe ſudden variations ſo contrary to the idea of beauty when conſidered by itſelf.—On the other hand, a cluſter of fine grapes, in point of form, tint, and light and ſhadow, is a ſpecimen of unmixed beauty, and the vine, with its fruit, one of the moſt ſtriking inſtances of the union of the two characters, in which, however, that of beauty infinitely prevails; and who will venture to aſſert that the charm of the whole would be greater by ſeparating them? by taking off all the angles and ſharp points, and making the outline of the leaves as round and flowing as that of the fruit?—The effect of theſe jagged points and angles is more ſtrongly marked in ſculpture, eſpecially of vaſes of metal, where the vine leaf, if imprudently handled, would at leaſt prove that ſharpneſs is very contrary to the beautiful in feeling;

and the analogy between the two ſenſes is ſurely very juſt. It may alſo be remarked, that in all ſuch works ſharpneſs of execution is a term of high praiſe.

I muſt here obſerve (and I muſt beg to call the reader's attention to what ſeems to me to throw a ſtrong light on the whole of the ſubject) that almoſt all ornaments are rough, and moſt of them ſharp, which is a mode of roughneſs, and, conſidered analogically, the moſt contrary to beauty of any mode. But as the ornaments are rough, ſo the ground is generally ſmooth, which ſhews, that though ſmoothneſs is the ground, the eſſential quality of beauty, without which it can ſcarcely exiſt, yet that roughneſs, in its different modes and degrees, is the ornament, the fringe of beauty—that which gives it life and ſpirit, and preſerves it from baldneſs and inſipidity *.

The

* The moſt beautiful of all ſounds, that of the human voice, appears to the greateſt advantage when there is ſome degree of ſharpneſs in the inſtrument that accompanies

The column is ſmooth, the capital is rough; the facing of a building ſmooth, the frize and cornice rough and ſuddenly projecting: ſo it is in vaſes, in embroidery, in every thing that admits of ornament †, and as ornament is the moſt prominent

companies it, as in the harp, the violin, or the harpſichord: the flute, or even the organ, have too much of the ſame quality of ſound; they give no relief to the voice; it is like accompanying ſmooth water with ſmooth banks. Often in the ſweeteſt and moſt flowing melodies, diſcords (which are analogous to angles and ſharpneſs) are introduced to relieve the ear from that languor and wearineſs which long continued ſmoothneſs always brings on; yet will any one ſay, that, conſidered ſeparately, the ſound of a harpſichord is as beautiful as that of a flute, or of a human voice, or that they ought to be claſſed together? or that diſcords are as beautiful as concords; or that both are beautiful, becauſe when they are mixed with judgment the whole is more delightful? Does not this ſhew that what is very juſtly called beautiful, from the eſſential qualities of beauty being predominant, is frequently, nay, generally compoſite, and that we act againſt the conſtant practice of nature and of judicious art, when we endeavour to make objects more beautiful by depriving them of what gives beauty ſome of its moſt powerful attractions.

† A goblet, rich with gems and *rough* with gold.—Pallam ſignis auroque *rigentem.*

prominent and ſtriking part of a beautiful whole, it is frequently taken for the moſt eſſential part, and obtains the firſt place in deſcriptions. But were an architect to ornament the ſhafts as well as the capitals of his columns, and all the ſmooth ſtone work of his houſe or temple, there are few people who would not be ſenſible of the difference between a beautiful building and one richly ornamented. This, in my mind, is the ſpirit of that famous reproof of Apelles (among all the painters of antiquity the moſt renowned for beauty) to one of his ſcholars who was loading a Helen with ornaments; "Young man," ſaid he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her rich."

Conſider what is the natural, the only proceſs in ornamenting any ſmooth ſurface, independently of colour; it muſt be by making it leſs ſmooth, that is, comparatively rough: there muſt be different degrees and modes of roughneſs, of ſharpneſs, and this is the character of thoſe ornaments that have been admired for ages.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

AS, notwithſtanding the various and ſtriking lights in which Mr. Burke has placed all that relates to beauty, and the very cloſe and convincing analogies he has drawn from the other ſenſes to ſhew how much *ſmoothneſs* is eſſential to it, that poſition has been doubted *; I hope

* A perſon of the moſt unqueſtioned abilities and general accuracy of judgment, but who had not paid much attention to this ſubject, aſſerted that a variety of objects were beautiful without the leaſt ſmoothneſs, and that the pictureſque was always included either in the ſublime or the beautiful. I aſked him what he would call an old rugged moſſy oak, with branches twiſted into ſudden and irregular deviations, but which had no character of grandeur? he ſaid, he ſhould call it a pretty

hope it will not be thought preſumptuous in me to offer ſome farther illuſtrations on a ſubject he has treated ſo copiouſly and in ſo maſterly a manner. I am, indeed, highly intereſted in the queſtion, for if his principles are falſe, mine are equally ſo.

I imagine the doubt to have ariſen from its being ſuppoſed that all that ſtrongly attracts and captivates the eye is included in the ſublime and the beautiful; but I cannot help flattering myſelf, that the having conſidered and compared the three characters together has thrown a reciprocal light on each; and that the pictureſque fills up a vacancy between the ſublime and the beautiful, and accounts for the pleaſure we receive from many objects on principles diſtinct from either, which objects ſhould therefore be placed on a ſeparate claſs.

tree. He would probably have been ſurpriſed if I had called one of Rembrant's old hags a pretty woman; and yet they are as much alike as a tree and a woman can well be.

One

One principal effect of ſmoothneſs, and to which perhaps it owes its ſo general power of pleaſing, is, that it gives an appearance of quiet and repoſe to all objects; * roughneſs, on the contrary, a ſpirit and animation. Theſe ſeem to me likewiſe the

* By roughneſs I mean what is in any way contrary to ſmoothneſs; whatever is rough, rugged, or angular, whether the object be poliſhed or unpoliſhed. According to this definition, poliſhed ſurfaces if cut into angles, as poliſhed ſteel, glaſs, or diamond, can no longer be conſidered as ſmooth objects, though parts of them will be ſmooth.

A diamond when ſmooth has, like other poliſhed ſurfaces, a conſiderable degree of ſtimulus, but when its ſurface is cut into ſharp points and angles, it becomes infinitely more ſtimulating: it is by means of theſe angles, of theſe ſharp points, that a diamond acquires its diſtinguiſhed title of a brilliant; without them a piece of cut-glaſs (as it is termed) would deſerve it better.

Again (to conſider broken lights in another point of view) we can bear the full uninterrupted ſplendor of the ſetting ſun, nay, can gaze on the orb itſelf with little uneaſineſs, but when its rays are broken by paſſing through a thin ſcreen of leaves and branches (as in a lane) no eye is proof againſt the irritation.

moſt prevailing effects of the beautiful and the pictureſque; theſe the means by which they generally operate, and if theſe premiſes are true, it will be juſt to conclude, that where there is a want of ſmoothneſs there is a want of repoſe, and conſequently of beauty; and on the other hand, that where there is no roughneſs there is a want of ſpirit and ſtimulus, and conſequently of pictureſqueneſs.

The ſenſe of ſeeing (as I before obſerved) is ſo much indebted to that of feeling for a number of its perceptions, that there is no conſidering the one abſtractedly from the other; he therefore would reaſon very ill on the effects of viſion, who ſhould leave out our ideas of rough and ſmooth, of hard and ſoft, of thickneſs, diſtance, &c. becauſe they were originally acquired by the touch. I ſhould on that account ſuppoſe, that beſides the real irritation which they produce by means of broken lights, all broken rugged ſurfaces have alſo, by ſympathy,

ſympathy, ſomething of the ſame effect on the ſight as on the touch; and if it be true (as it probably will be acknowledged) that ſmooth ſurfaces, where there is no immediate irritation from light, give a repoſe to the eye, rugged and broken ones muſt produce a contrary impreſſion.

But though it ſeems highly probable that broken and angular ſurfaces, both from ſympathy and from real irritation of the organ, ſtimulate more than ſuch as are ſmooth, yet the ſtimulus from whence the moſt conſtant and marked effects proceed, that which in a peculiar manner belongs to the pictureſque, and diſtinguiſhes it from the beautiful,—ariſes principally from its two great characteriſtics, intricacy and variety, as produced by roughneſs and ſudden deviation, and as oppoſed to the comparative monotony of ſmoothneſs and flowing lines.

If we take any ſmooth object, whoſe lines

lines are flowing, ſuch as a down of the fineſt turf with gently ſwelling knolls and hillocks of every ſoft and undulating form, though the eye may repoſe on this with pleaſure, yet the whole is ſeen at once, and no farther curioſity is excited; but let thoſe ſwelling knolls (without altering the ſcale) be changed into bold broken promontories, with rude overhanging rocks; inſtead of the ſmooth turf, let there be furze, heath, or fern, with open patches between, and fragments of rocks and large ſtones lying in irregular maſſes, it is clear, on the ſuppoſition of theſe two ſpots being of the ſame extent and on the ſame ſcale, that the whole of the one may be comprehended immediately, and that if you traverſe it in every direction little new can occur; while in the other every ſtep changes the whole of the compoſition. Then each of theſe broken promontories and fragments have as many ſuddenly varying forms and aſpects as they have breaks,

even

even without light and ſhade; but when the ſun does ſhine upon them, each break is the occaſion of ſome brilliant light oppoſed to ſome ſudden ſhadow: All theſe deep coves, hollows, and fiſſures invite the eye to penetrate into their receſſes, yet keep its curioſity alive and unſatisfied; whereas in the other, the light and ſhadow has the ſame uniform unbroken character as the ground itſelf.

I have in both theſe ſcenes avoided any mention of trees; for in all trees of every growth there is a comparative roughneſs and intricacy, which, unleſs counteracted by great ſkill in the improver, will always prevent abſolute monotony: Yet the difference between thoſe which appear planted or cleared for the purpoſe of beauty, and where the ground is perfectly ſmooth about them, and thoſe which are wild and uncleared, and the ground of the ſame character, is very apparent. Take, for inſtance, any open grove where the trees,

though

though neither in rows nor at equal diſtances, are detached from each other, and cleared from all underwood; the turf on which they ſtand ſmooth and level, and their ſtems diſtinctly ſeen; ſuch a grove of full-grown flouriſhing trees, that have had room to extend their heads and branches, is deſervedly called beautiful; and if a gravel road winds eaſily through it, the whole will be in character.

But whoever has been among foreſts, and has ſeen the effect of wild tangled thickets opening into glades half ſeen acroſs the ſtems of old ſtag-headed oaks and twiſted beeches, and of the irregular tracks of wheels, of men, and of animals, ſeeking or forcing their way in every direction, muſt have felt how differently the ſtimulus of curioſity is excited in two ſuch ſcenes; and the effect of the lights and ſhadows is exactly in proportion to the intricacy of the objects.

From all this it appears, that as a certain

tain degree of ſtimulus or irritation is neceſſary to the pictureſque, ſo, on the other hand, a ſoft and pleaſing repoſe is equally the effect and the characteriſtic of the beautiful.

The peculiar beauty of the moſt beautiful of all landſcape painters is characteriſed by il ripoſo di Claudio, and when the mind of man is in the delightful ſtate of repoſe, of which Claude's pictures are the image,—when he feels that mild and equal ſunſhine of the ſoul which warms and cheers, but neither inflames nor irritates,—his heart ſeems to dilate with happineſs, he is diſpoſed to every act of kindneis and benevolence, to love and cheriſh all around him. Theſe are the ſenſations that beauty, conſidered generally, and without any diſtinction of nature or ſex, does and ought to inſpire. A mind in ſuch a ſtate is like a pure and tranquil lake, the ſlighteſt impulſe on whoſe ſurface excites a correſpondent motion in its waters, which gently expand themſelves on every

ſide;

ſide; but if the heavieſt maſs be thrown into a rapid ſtream the effect is ſhort-lived; if into a river tumbling over ſtones, or daſhing among rocks, it is momentary; this is an emblem of irritation as the other of repoſe.

Irritation* is indeed the ſource of our moſt active and lively pleaſures, but its nature, like the pleaſures which ſpring from it, is eager, hurrying, impetuous; and when the mind is agitated, from whatever cauſe, thoſe mild and ſoft emotions which flow from beauty, and of which

* I am aware that irritation is generally uſed in a bad ſenſe, rather as a ſource of pain than of pleaſure; but that is the caſe with many words and expreſſions which relate to our more eager and tumultuous emotions, and ſeems to point out their diſtinct nature and origin. We talk of the ſtings of pleaſure, of being goaded on by deſire. The god of love (and who will deny love to be a ſource of pleaſure?) is armed with flames, with envenomed ſhafts, with every inſtrument of irritation:

> Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
> *Stung* with delight, is *goaded* on by thee.

beauty

beauty is the genuine ſource, are ſcarcely perceived. Let thoſe who have been uſed to obſerve the works of nature reflect on their ſenſations when viewing the ſmooth and tranquil ſcene of a beautiful lake,—or the wild, abrupt, and noiſy one of a pictureſque river: I think they will own them to have been as different as the ſcenes themſelves, and that nothing but the poverty of language makes us call two ſenſations ſo diſtinct from each other by the common name of pleaſure.

Having conſidered the effects of repoſe and irritation as cauſed by the fixed properties of material objects, I will now examine how they are produced by what is immaterial and uncertain; and how far the various accidents of light and ſhadow (two oppoſite though almoſt inſeparable ideas, and which therefore in the language of painters are often combined into one) correſpond with the inherent qualities of objects, and with their operation on the mind.

Nothing

Nothing is more obvious than that all ſtrong and brilliant lights, all ſudden contraſts of them with deep ſhadows, ſtimulate the organ of ſight. It is equally obvious that all ſoft quiet lights, and ſuch as inſenſibly melt into ſhadow, and emerge from it again in the ſame gradual manner, give a pleaſing * repoſe to the eye. Theſe poſitions will be moſt aptly illuſtrated, and their applications to the beautiful and the pictureſque moſt clearly pointed out by attending to the practice of two painters whoſe works are in the higheſt eſteem, and the ſtyle and character of them eſtabliſhed by general conſent.

* It is this charm of repoſe and of ſoftneſs that poets lay ſo much ſtreſs on when they deſcribe the beauties of moon-light, which many of them ſeem to do with peculiar fondneſs:

" Now reigns
" Full-orb'd the moon, and with more *pleaſing* light
" *Shadowy* ſets off the face of things."

And that feeling paſſage in Shakeſpear:

" How ſweet the moon-light *ſleeps* upon yon bank."

The

The genius of Rubens was ſtrongly turned to the pictureſque diſpoſition of his figures, ſo as often to ſacrifice every other conſideration to the intricacy, contraſt, and ſtriking variations of his groupes. Such a diſpoſition of objects ſeems to call for ſomething ſimilar in the management of the light and ſhade, and accordingly we owe the moſt ſtriking examples of both to his fertile invention. In point of brilliancy, of ſuch extreme ſplendour of light as is on the verge of glare*, no pictures can ſtand in competition with thoſe of Rubens: ſometimes thoſe lights are almoſt unmixed with ſhade; at other times they burſt from dark ſhadows, they glance on the different parts of the picture, and produce that flicker (as it ſometimes is called) ſo captivating to the eye; but ſo

* I ſpeak of thoſe pictures (and they are very numerous) in which he aimed at great brilliancy. As no one poſſeſſed more entirely all the principles of his art, on ſome occaſions the ſolemn breadth of his light and ſhade is as ſtriking as its force and ſplendour on others.

dangerous when attempted by inferior artiſts, and leſs maſters of the principles of harmony than that great painter. All theſe dazzling effects are heightened by the ſpirited management of his pencil, by thoſe ſharp animated touches* that give life and energy to every object.

Correggio's

* Many painters, when they repreſent any ſtriking effects of light, leave the touches of the pencil more rough and ſtrongly marked than the quality of the objects themſelves ſeems to juſtify. Rembrant, who ſucceeded beyond all others in theſe forcible effects, carried alſo this method of creating them farther than any other maſter. Thoſe who have ſeen his famous picture in the ſtadthouſe at Amſterdam may remember a figure highly illuminated, whoſe dreſs is a ſilver tiſſue, with fringes, taſſels, and other ornaments nearly of the ſame brilliant colour. It is the moſt ſurpriſing inſtance I ever ſaw of the effect of that rough manner of pencilling, in producing what moſt nearly approaches to the glitter, and to the irritation which is cauſed by real light when acting powerfully on any object; and this too, with a due attention to general harmony, and with ſuch a commanding truth of repreſentation as no high finiſhing can give.

It ſeems to me, that this may be accounted for on the principle I have before mentioned, of roughneſs in material objects being a cauſe of irritation: light in itſelf

Correggio's principal attention (in point of form) was directed to flow of outline and gradual variation; of this he never entirely loſt ſight even in his moſt capricious fore-ſhortenings; and his ſtyle of light and ſhadow is ſo congenial, that the one ſeems the natural conſequence of the other. He is always cited as the moſt perfect model of thoſe ſoft and inſenſible tranſitions, of that union of effect, which, above every thing elſe, impreſſes the general idea of lovelineſs. The manner of his pencilling is exactly of a piece with the reſt; all ſeems melted together, yet with ſo nice a judgment as to avoid, by ſome of thoſe free yet

itſelf has nothing that bears any relation to rough or ſmooth; but when ſtrong, irritates in a high degree: As painting cannot attain to the full ſplendour even of reflected light, and as that ſplendour acts by ſtimulating, it is natural that painters ſhould have helped out the inſufficiency of the art by ſome other ſtimulus, and by increaſing the irritating quality of the object illuminated, have ſtrove to make a nearer approach to that of light itſelf.

delicate touches, the hardneſs as well as the inſipidity of what is called high finiſhing. Correggio's pictures are indeed as far removed from monotony as from glare; he ſeems to have felt beyond all others the exact degree of brilliancy that accords with the ſoftneſs of beauty, and to have been, with regard to figures, what Claude was in landſcape.

The pictures of Claude are brilliant in a high degree; but that brilliancy is ſo diffuſed over the whole of them, ſo happily balanced, it is ſo mellowed and ſubdued by that almoſt viſible atmoſphere which pervades every part, and unites all together, that nothing in particular catches the eye; the whole is ſplendor, the whole is repoſe; every thing lit up, every thing in ſweeteſt harmony. Rubens in his landſcapes differs as ſtrongly from Claude as he does from Correggio in his figures; they are full of the peculiarities and pictureſque accidents in nature; of ſtriking contraſts of form, colour, and light and ſhadow;

ſhadow; ſun-beams burſting through a ſmall opening in a dark wood—a rainbow againſt a ſtormy ſky—effects of thunder and lightning — torrents rolling down trees torn up by the roots, and the dead bodies of men and animals; with many other ſublime and pictureſque circumſtances. Theſe ſudden gleams, theſe cataracts of light, theſe bold oppoſitions of clouds and darkneſs, which he has ſo nobly introduced, would deſtroy all the beauty and elegance of Claude: On the other hand, the mild and equal ſunſhine * of that charming painter would as ill accord

* Nothing is ſo captivating, or ſeems ſo much to accord with our ideas of beauty, as the ſmiles of a beautiful countenance; yet they have ſometimes a ſtriking mixture of the other character. Of this kind are thoſe ſmiles which break out ſuddenly from a ſerious, ſometimes from almoſt a ſevere countenance, and which, when that gleam is over, leave no trace of it behind—

Like to the lightning in a collied night,
Which e'er a man has time to ſay, behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up.

accord with the twiſted and ſingular forms, and the bold and animated variety of the landſcapes of Rubens.

Theſe few inſtances from the art of painting (and many more might eaſily be produced) ſhew how much ſoftneſs, ſmoothneſs, gradual variation of form, inſenſible tranſitions from light to ſhadow, and general repoſe, are the characteriſtic marks of artiſts moſt renowned for beauty; and theſe cauſes operate ſo powerfully when united, that notwithſtanding the

This ſudden effect is often hinted at by the Italian poets, as appears by their alluſion to the moſt ſudden and dazzling of lights;—gli *ſcintilla* un riſo—*lampeggia* un riſo—il *balenar* d'un riſo.

There is another ſmile which ſeems in the ſame degree to accord with the ideas of beauty only: It is that ſmile which proceeds from a mind full of ſweetneſs and ſenſibility, and which, when it is over, ſtill leaves on the countenance its mild and amiable impreſſion; as after the ſun is ſet, the mild glow of his rays is ſtill diffuſed over every object. This ſmile, with the glow that accompanies it, is beautifully painted by Milton, as moſt becoming an inhabitant of heaven:

To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Thus anſwer'd.

pure

pure outline, and the happy mixture of the antique character in Raphael, the angelic air of Guido, and the peculiar and ſeparate beauties of other painters, I believe that moſt people, if they were aſked what pictures (taking every circumſtance together) appeared to them moſt beautiful, and had left the ſofteſt and moſt pleaſing impreſſion, they would give it for Correggio.—In beauty of landſcape Claude has no competitor.

CHAPTER VII.

THESE effects of harmony and repoſe naturally lead me to that great principle of the art of * painting (for it is the great connecting and harmonizing principle of nature) breadth of light and ſhadow.

What is called breadth ſeems to bear nearly the ſame relation to light and ſhadow as ſmoothneſs does to material objects; for as all uneven ſurfaces cauſe more irritation than thoſe which are ſmooth, and thoſe moſt of all that are broken into little inequalities, ſo thoſe lights and ſhadows that are ſcattered and broken are

* Or rather, in a more juſt and comprehenſive view, of that art which chiefly, by means of light and ſhadow, bodies forth the forms of things from a plain ſurface, and which, being independent of colours, includes every ſpecies of drawing and engraving.

infinitely

infinitely more irritating than thoſe which are broad and continued. Every perſon of the leaſt obſervation muſt have remarked how *broad* the lights and ſhadows are on a fine evening in nature, or (what is almoſt the ſame thing) in a picture of Claude. He muſt equally have remarked the extreme difference between ſuch lights and ſhadows, and thoſe meagre and frittered ones that ſometimes diſgrace the works of painters in other reſpects of great excellence, and which prevail in nature when the ſun-beams, refracted and diſperſed in every direction by a number of white flickering clouds, create a perpetually ſhifting glare, and keep the eye in a ſtate of conſtant irritation. All ſuch accidental effects ariſing from clouds, though they ſtrongly ſhew the general principle, and are highly proper to be ſtudied by all lovers of painting or of nature, yet not being ſubject to our controul, are of leſs uſe to improvers; a great deal however *is* ſubject to our controul, and

and I believe we may lay it down as a very general maxim, that in proportion as the objects are ſcattered, unconnected, and in patches, the lights and ſhadows will be ſo too, and vice verſa.

If, for inſtance, we ſuppoſe a continued ſweep of hills, either entirely wooded or entirely bare, and under the influence of a low cloudleſs ſun; whatever parts are expoſed to that ſun will have one broad light upon them, whatever are hid from it one broad ſhade. If we again ſuppoſe this wood to have been thinned in ſuch a manner as to have left maſſes, groupes, and ſingle trees ſo diſpoſed as to preſent a pleaſing and connected whole, though with detached parts; or, if we ſuppoſe the bare hills to have been planted in the ſame ſtyle, the variety of light and ſhadow will be greatly increaſed, and the general breadth ſtill be preſerved; nor would that breadth be injured if an old ruin, a cottage, or any building of a quiet tint was diſcovered among the trees. But if the

wood were ſo thinned as to have a poor, ſcattered, unconnected appearance; or the hills planted in clumps, patches, and detached trees, the lights and ſhadows would have the ſame broken disjointed effect as the objects themſelves. If to this were added any harſh contraſt, ſuch as clumps of firs and white buildings, the irritation would be greatly increaſed. In all theſe caſes, the eye, inſtead of repoſing on one broad connected whole, is ſtopt and harraſſed by little diſunited diſcordant parts: I of courſe ſuppoſe the ſun to act on theſe different objects with equal ſplendour; for there are ſome days when the whole ſky is ſo full of jarring lights, that the ſhadieſt groves and avenues hardly preſerve their ſolemnity; and there are others when the atmoſphere (like the laſt glazing of a picture) ſoftens into mellowneſs whatever is crude throughout the landſcape.

This is peculiarly the effect of *twilight; for

* Milton, whoſe eyes ſeem to have been moſt ſenſibly affected by every accident and gradation of light, (and

for at that delightful time even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm, when all that is ſcattered and cutting, all that diſguſts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and ſoothing harmony of light and ſhadow. I have more than once at ſuch a moment happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been ſtruck in the higheſt

(and *that* poſſibly in a great degree from the weakneſs, and conſequently the irritability of thoſe organs) ſpeaks always of twilight with peculiar pleaſure. He has even reverſed what Socrates did by philoſophy; he has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven:

From that high mount of God whence light and ſhade
Spring forth, the face of brighteſt heaven had chang'd
To grateful twilight.

What is alſo ſingular, he has in this paſſage made ſhade an eſſence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to ſhadow before, but which might be expected from his averſion to glare ſo frequently and ſtrongly expreſſed:

Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye.
When the ſun begins to fling
His *flaring* beams.

degree

degree with the appearance of wood, water, and buildings, that ſeemed to accompany and ſet off each other in the happieſt manner, and have felt impatient to examine all theſe beauties by day-light:

"At length the morn and cold indifference came,"

The charm which held them together, and made them act ſo powerfully as a whole, was gone.

It may perhaps be ſaid, that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, may form beauties which have no exiſtence, and that indifference may naturally ariſe from thoſe phantoms not being realized. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obſcurity on the imagination; but in theſe caſes the ſame ſet of objects, when ſeen by twilight, is often beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly ſo if exactly repreſented on the canvaſs; but in full day-light the ſun, as it were, decompounds what had been ſo happily mixed together, and ſeparates a ſtrik-

ing

ing whole into detached unimpreſſive parts.

Nothing, I believe, would be of more ſervice in forming a taſte for general effect and general compoſition, than to obſerve the ſame ſcenes after ſun-ſet, and in the full diſtinctneſs of day. In fact, twilight does what an improver ought to do; it connects what was before ſcattered; it fills up ſtaring, meagre vacancies; it deſtroys edgineſs, and by giving ſhadow as well as light to water, at once increaſes both its brilliancy and ſoftneſs. It muſt however be obſerved, that twilight, while it takes off the edgineſs of thoſe objects which are *below* the horizon, more ſenſibly marks the outline of thoſe which are *oppoſed* to the ſky, and conſequently diſcovers the defects as well as the beauties of their forms. From this circumſtance, improvers may learn a very uſeful leſſon, that the outline againſt the ſky ſhould be particularly attended to, ſo that nothing lumpy, meagre, or diſcordant ſhould be there; at all times, in ſuch a ſituation, the form is made out,

but

but moſt of all when twilight has melted the other parts together. At that time many varied and elegant ſhapes of trees and groupes diſtinctly appear, which were ſcarcely noticed in the more general diffuſion of light; then too the ſtubborn clump (which before was but too plainly ſeen) makes a ſtill fouler blot on the horizon; while there is a glimmering of light he maintains his poſt, nor yields till even his blackneſs is at laſt confounded in the general blackneſs of night.

Theſe are the powers and effects of that breadth I have been deſcribing; it is a ſource of viſual pleaſure diſtinct from all others; for objects which in themſelves are neither beautiful, ſublime, nor picturesque, are incidentally made to delight the eye from their being productive of breadth. This ſeems to account for the pleaſure we receive from many maſſive heavy objects, which, when deprived of the effect of that harmonizing principle, and conſidered ſingly, are even poſitively

ugly,

ugly. Such, indeed, is the effect of breadth, that pictures or drawings eminently poſſeſſed of it, though they ſhould have no other merit, will always attract the attention of a cultivated eye before others where the detail is admirable, but where this maſter-principle is wanting. The mind, however, requires to be ſtimulated as well as ſoothed, and there is in this, as in ſo many other inſtances, a ſtrong analogy between painting and muſic: the firſt effect of mere breadth of light and ſhadow is to the eye what that of mere harmony of ſounds is to the ear; both produce a pleaſing repoſe, a calm ſober delight, which, if not relieved by ſomething leſs uniform, ſoon ſinks into diſtaſte and wearineſs; for repoſe and ſleep are often ſynonymous terms, and always nearly allied. But as the principle of harmony muſt be preſerved in the wildeſt and moſt eccentric pieces of muſic, in thoſe where ſudden and quickly varying emotions of the ſoul are expreſſed, ſo that of breadth

muſt

muſt be in ſcenes of buſtle and ſeeming confuſion, and where the wildeſt ſcenery or moſt violent agitations of nature are repreſented; and one may here parody that frequently quoted paſſage of Shakeſpeare, "in the very torrent, tempeſt, and whirlwind of the elements, the artiſt, in painting them, muſt acquire a breadth that will give them ſmoothneſs."

There is, however, no ſmall difficulty in uniting breadth with the detail, the ſplendid variety, and marked character of nature. Claude is admirable in this as in almoſt every other reſpect; with the greateſt accuracy of detail, and truth of character, his pictures have the breadth of the ſimpleſt waſhed drawing, or aqua-tinta print, where little elſe is expreſſed or intended. In a ſtrong light they are full of intereſting and entertaining particulars; and as twilight comes on (an effect I have obſerved with great delight) they have the ſame gradual fading of the glimmering landſcape as in real nature.

This art of preſerving breadth with detail and brilliancy has been ſtudied with great ſucceſs by Teniers, Ian Steen, and many of the Dutch maſters. Oſtade's pictures and etchings are among the happieſt examples of it; but above all others, the works of that ſcarce and wonderful maſter, Gerard Dow. His eye ſeems to have had a microſcopic power in regard to the minute texture of objects (for in his paintings they bear the ſevere trial of the ſtrongeſt magnifier) and at the ſame time the oppoſite faculty of excluding all particulars with reſpect to breadth and general effect. His maſter, Rembrant, though he did not attend to minute detail, yet by that commanding manner of marking, with equal force and juſtneſs, the leading character of each object, produced an idea of detail much beyond what is really expreſſed. Many of the great Italian maſters have done this alſo, and with a taſte, and a grandeur and nobleneſs of ſtile unknown to the inferior ſchools, though none

none have exceeded or even equalled Rembrant in truth, force, and effect. But when artiſts, neglecting the variety of detail, and thoſe characteriſtic features that well ſupply its place, content themſelves with *mere* breadth, and propoſe that as the final object of attainment, their productions, and the intereſt excited by them, will be, in compariſon of the ſtyles I have mentioned, what a metaphyſical treatiſe is to Shakeſpeare or Fielding; they will be rather illuſtrations of a principle than repreſentations of what is real; a ſort of abſtract idea of nature, not very unlike Crambe's abſtract idea of a lord mayor.

As nothing is more flattering to the vanity and indolence of mankind, than the being able to produce a pleaſing general effect with little labour or ſtudy, ſo nothing more obſtructs the progreſs of the art than ſuch a facility: yet ſtill theſe abſtracts are by no means without their comparative merit, and they have their uſe as well as their danger; they ſhew how much may be effected by the mere

naked principle, and the great ſuperiority *that* alone gives to whatever is formed upon it, over thoſe things which are done on no principle at all; where the ſeparate objects are ſet down as it were article by article, and where the confuſion of lights ſo perplexes the eye, that one might ſuppoſe the artiſt had looked at them through a multiplying glaſs.

I may, perhaps, be thought to have dwelt longer on this article than the principal deſign of my book ſeemed to require; but though (as I mentioned in a former part) the ſtudy of light and ſhadow appears, at firſt ſight, to belong excluſively to the painter, yet, like every thing which relates to that charming art, it will be found of infinite ſervice to the improver; indeed, the violations of this principle of breadth and harmony of light and ſhadow are, perhaps, more frequent, and more diſguſtingly offenſive than thoſe of any other.

Some people ſeem to have a ſort of callus over their organs of ſight, as others

over

over thoſe of hearing; and as the callous hearers feel nothing in muſic but kettle-drums and trombones, ſo the callous ſe-ers can only be moved by ſtrong oppoſitions of black and white, or fiery * reds. I am therefore ſo far from laughing at Mr. Locke's blind man for likening ſcarlet to the ſound of a trumpet, that I think he had great reaſon to pride himſelf (as he did) on the diſcovery.

The natural colour of brick one might reaſonably ſuppoſe was ſufficiently ſtimulating; but I have ſeen brick houſes painted of ſo much more flaming a red, that (to uſe Mr. Brown's expreſſion) they put the whole vale in a fever. White, though glaring, has not that hot ſultry appearance, and there is ſuch a look of neatneſs and gaiety in it, that one cannot be ſurpriſed

* Though red properly belongs to colouring, as it cannot be expreſſed by a mere black and white drawing or engraving; yet, where a tint is ſo glaring as to deſtroy the harmony of colouring, I am apt to think it will have the ſame effect on breadth of light and ſhadow.

if, where lime is cheap, only one idea ſhould prevail—that of making every thing as white as poſſible. Wherever this is the caſe, the whole landſcape is full of little ſpots, which can only be made pleaſing to a painter's eye by their being almoſt buried in trees; but where a country is without natural wood, and is improved by dint of * white-waſh and clumps of firs,

* I wiſh to be underſtood, that when I ſpeak of white-waſh and whitened buildings, I mean that glaring white which is produced by lime alone, or without a ſufficient quantity of any lowering ingredient; for there cannot be a greater or a more immediate improvement, than that of giving to a fiery brick building the tint of a ſtone one. No perſon, I believe, has any doubt that ſtone (ſuch as Bath and Portland, and many leſs renowned, under the general name of free-ſtone) is the moſt beautiful material for building, and I imagine there is no inſtance of an architect's having painted ſuch ſtones white in order to make them more beautiful, though dingy or red ſtone may ſometimes have been painted of a free ſtone colour. The true object of imitation ſeems therefore to be the tint of a beautiful ſtone, and if thoſe who whiten their buildings would pique themſelves on matching exactly the colour of Bath or Portland ſtone, ſo as to be neither whiter nor yellower, the greateſt neatneſs and gaiety might prevail without glare.

a painter

a painter (were he confined there) would be abſolutely driven to deſpair, and feel ready to renounce, not only his art, but his eyeſight.

One of the moſt charming effects of ſunſhine is its giving to objects not merely light, but that mellow golden hue, ſo beautiful in itſelf, and which, when diffuſed, as in a fine evening, over the whole landſcape, creates that rich union and harmony ſo enchanting in nature and in Claude; but if either in Claude or in nature any one object ſhould be introduced of ſo glaring a white as not to partake of that general hue *, the whole attention, in ſpite

* From that analogy ſo often mentioned, it is uſual to ſay that an object in a picture or in nature is out of tune. The expreſſion is perfectly juſt; in muſic one note out of tune will invincibly fix our attention upon it, and ſeveral diſtract it; and in either caſe it is impoſſible to enjoy the harmony of the reſt. There is, however, this difference; a paſſing note out of tune is quickly over, but a glaring object is like an eternal holding note held firmly out of tune, and which, in that caſe

ſpite of all our efforts to the contrary, will be drawn to that one point; if there are ſeveral, the eye will be diſtracted between them. Again, to conſider it in another view; when the ſun breaks out in gleams there is ſomething that delights and ſurpriſes in ſeeing an object, before only viſible, lit up in ſplendour, and then gradually ſinking into ſhade again. But a whitened object is already lit up; it remains ſo when every thing has retired into obſcurity; it ſtill forces itſelf into notice, ſtill impudently ſtares you in the face.

A cottage of a quiet colour, half concealed among trees, with its bit of garden, its pales and orchard, is one of the moſt tranquil and ſoothing of all rural objects, and when the ſun ſtrikes upon it, and diſ-

caſe well deſerves the name an unmuſical friend once gave to holding notes in general; "I don't know what you call them," ſaid he, "I mean one of thoſe long noiſes."

covers

covers a number of lively pictureſque circumſtances, one of the moſt chearful; but if cleared round and whitened, its modeſt retired character is gone, and ſucceeded by a perpetual glare.

Sunſhine, when it gilds ſome object of a ſober tint, is like a ſmile that lights up a ſerious countenance; a * whitened object is like the eternal grin of a fool.

Beſides the glare, there is another circumſtance that often renders white-waſh extremely offenſive to the eye (eſpecially when it is applied to any uneven ſurface) and that is, a ſmeared, cloggy, dirty appearance. This is the caſe with old or rough ſtone work dabbed with white, and the black left between the joints; and

* Even very white teeth (where exceſs of whiteneſs is leaſt to be feared) if ſeen too much, have often a kind of ſilly look that ſeems to belong to the part itſelf: nothing can be more characteriſtic of that effect, than the well known expreſſion of, the gentleman with the foolifh teeth. Thoſe gentlemen who deal much in pure white-waſh might well be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame compliment being paid to their buildings.

with

with cottages, where the coarſe wood-work that ſeparates the plaiſtered walls is bruſhed over as well as the ſmooth walls themſelves: in theſe, however, the object is inconſiderable, and the effect in proportion; but when this pitiful taſte is employed upon ſome ancient caſtle-like manſion, or the moſſy weather-ſtained tower of an old church, it becomes a ſort of ſacrilege. Such a building daubed over and plaiſtered is, next to a painted old woman, the moſt diſguſting of all attempts at improvement; on both, when left in their natural ſtate, time often ſtamps a pleaſing and venerable impreſſion; but when thus ſophiſticated, they have neither the freſhneſs of youth, nor the mellow picturesque character of age, and inſtead of becoming attractive, are only made horribly conſpicuous.

I am afraid it will not be eaſy to check the general paſſion for diſtinctneſs and conſpicuity. Each proſpect hunter (a

moſt numerous tribe) like the heroic Ajax, forms but one prayer;

Ποιησον δ' αιθρην, δος δ' οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι.

Let them ſee but clearly, and ſee enough, they are content; and much may be ſaid in their favour; compoſition, grouping, breadth and effect of light and ſhadow, harmony of colours, &c. are comparatively attended to and enjoyed by few; but extenſive proſpects are the moſt popular of all views, and their reſpective ſuperiority is generally decided by the number of churches and counties. Diſtinctneſs is therefore the great point; a painter may wiſh ſeveral hills of bad ſhapes, and thouſands of unintereſting acres, to be covered with one general ſhade; but to him who is to reckon up his counties, the loſs of a black or a white ſpot, of a clump or a gazabo, is the loſs of a voucher.

Then again, as the proſpect ſhewer has great pleaſure and vanity in pointing out

out theſe vouchers, ſo the improver, on his ſide, has full as much in being pointed at, and therefore one cannot wonder that ſo many hills are marked with theſe beacons of taſte, and ſo many churches converted into them.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE hitherto endeavoured to trace the picturesque in all that relates to form, and to the effects of light and shade; I have endeavoured to distinguish it from the beautiful and the sublime, and to shew the general influence of breadth on them all. It now remains to examine how far the same general principles hold good with regard to colours. Mr. Burke's idea of the beautiful in colour seems to me in the highest degree satisfactory, and to correspond with all his other ideas of beauty. I must observe at the same time, that the beautiful in colour is of a positive and independent nature, whereas, in that respect, the sublime in colour is in a great degree relative, and depends on other

circumſtances. A beautiful colour is a common and a juſt expreſſion; no one heſitates whether he ſhall give that title to the leaf of a roſe, or to the ſmalleſt bit of it; but though the deep gloomy tint of the ſky before a ſtorm, and its effect on all nature, is ſublime, no one would call that colour (whether a dark blue or purple, or whatever it might be) a ſublime colour, if ſimply ſhewn him without the other accompaniments.

It is as little the cuſtom to ſpeak of pictureſque colours as of ſublime ones; there are many, however, that without impropriety might be called ſo, as having nothing of the ſoftneſs, freſhneſs, and delicacy of beauty, but which are generally found in ſcenes highly pictureſque, and admirably accord with them. As that term has uſually a reference (though not an excluſive one) to the art from which it is named, ſo it may be remarked that painters, from having obſerved the deep, rich, and mellow effects of theſe colours, have been particularly

particularly fond of introducing them into their pictures, and ſometimes to the abſolute excluſion of thoſe that are more ſtrictly beautiful; ſuch, for inſtance, are the brown tints of autumn, many of the various gradations in the tints of ſoil in broken ground, and in the decayed parts of old trees; ſuch the weather ſtains, and many of the moſſes on ſtones and trunks of trees, with a thouſand more equally diſtinct from thoſe that are beautiful. If to theſe are oppoſed the ſoft and tender colours of the ſtems of young trees, the freſh greens of ſpring both in trees and herbage, its flowers and bloſſoms, it will ſhew in how many inſtances pictureſque colours as well as forms ariſe from age and decay.

Autumn (which is metaphyſically applied to the decline of human life, when "fallen into the ſere, the yellow leaf) and not the ſpring, the dolce primavera, gioventù dell' anno, is generally called the painter's ſeaſon. And yet there is ſomething ſo very delightful in the real charms

of

of ſpring, as well as in the aſſociated ideas of the renewal of life and vegetation, that it ſeems a perverſion of our natural feelings to prefer to all its blooming hopes the firſt bodings of the approach of winter.

Autumn muſt therefore have very powerful attractions, though of a different kind, and which muſt be intimately connected with the art of painting; for that reaſon, as the pictureſque (though equally founded in nature with the beautiful) has been pointed out, illuſtrated, and as it were brought into light by that art, an inquiry into the reaſons why autumn, and not ſpring, is called the painter's ſeaſon, will, I imagine, give great additional inſight into the diſtinct characters of the pictureſque and the beautiful, eſpecially with regard to colour.

If there is any thing in the univerſal range of the arts that is peculiarly required to be a whole, it is a picture: in pieces of muſic, particular movements may, without injury, be ſeparated from the

the whole, and in every ſpecies of poetry, and of writing in general, detached ſcenes, epiſodes, ſtanzas, &c. may be conſidered and enjoyed by themſelves; nor, indeed, is it every mind that, in the progreſs of a work of any length, can obſerve and retain the connection of the different parts, and their dependance on each other: But in a picture, the forms, tints, lights and ſhadows; all their combinations, effects, agreements, and oppoſitions, are at once ſubjected to the eye, all at one glance brought into compariſon; and, therefore, however beautiful particular colours may be—however gay and brilliant the lights—if they want union, breadth, and harmony, the picture wants its moſt eſſential quality—it is not a whole. According to my ideas, therefore, it is from this circumſtance of union and harmony, joined to that of richneſs, depth, and mellowneſs of tint, that the decaying charms of autumn often triumph, in the painter's eye, over the freſh and blooming beauties of ſpring.

The colours of ſpring deſerve the name of beauty in the trueſt ſenſe of the word; they have every thing that gives us that idea; freſhneſs, gaiety, and livelineſs, with ſoftneſs and delicacy. Their beauty, indeed, is of all others the moſt univerſally acknowledged; ſo much ſo, that from them every compariſon and illuſtration of beauty is taken.

The earlier trees, beſides the freſhneſs of their colour, have a remarkable lightneſs and tranſparency without nakedneſs; their new foliage ſerves as a decoration, not as a concealment, and through it the forms of their limbs are ſeen as thoſe of the human body under a thin drapery; a thouſand quivering lights play around and amidſt their branches in every direction, even into the innermoſt parts of the woods. The circumſtances that moſt peculiarly diſtinguiſh trees at this ſeaſon are characterized by Mr. Gray, in two lines of his beautiful lyric fragment:

> And lightly o'er the living ſcene
> Scatters his tendereſt, freſheſt green.

It ſeems to me, that from theſe two lines, in which the beauties of the early foliage have been ſelected with ſuch admirable taſte and accuracy, may alſo be collected the reaſons why thoſe beauties are in general leſs happily adapted to painting.

In order to produce a whole, painters deal very much in broad maſſes; theſe are rarely compatible with a *general* air of lightneſs, ſtill leſs with what is ſcattered.

One might naturally ſuppoſe that freſh and tender greens, which are ſo pleaſing in nature to every eye, would be equally ſo on the canvas; and ſo they often are when balanced by other tints, but not when lightly ſcattered, and over the *general* ſcene. Freſhneſs, in one ſenſe, is ſimply coolneſs, and I believe that idea in ſome degree almoſt always accompanies it; and though in nature real ſunſhine (and poſſibly from its real warmth as well as its ſplendour) may give a glow and animation to a landſcape entirely green, yet nothing is more difficult in painting, or

more rarely attempted; for who would confine himſelf to cold monotony, when all nature is full of examples of the greateſt variety with the moſt perfect harmony?

As the green of ſpring, from its comparative coldneſs, is leſs favourable to landſcape than the warm and mellow tints of autumn, in like manner its flowers and bloſſoms, from their too diſtinct and ſplendid variety, are apt to produce a glare and ſpottineſs ſo deſtructive of that union and harmony which is the very eſſence of a picture either in nature or imitation.

Whatever objects moſt ſtrongly attract the eye are of courſe moſt apt to create ſpots, and conſequently none more ſo than * white objects; and it is greatly on that account that water ſo particularly re-

* I muſt beg leave to refer the reader to ſome remarks on this ſubject by Mr. Lock in Mr. Gilpin's Tour down the Wye, page 97, and which I ſhould have inſerted here were not that book in every perſon's hands.

It is impoſſible to read thoſe remarks without regretting that the obſervations of a mind ſo capable of enlightening the public ſhould be withheld from it; a regret which thoſe who have enjoyed the pleaſure and advantage of his converſation feel in a much higher degree.

quires

quires the accompaniment of trees, as they take off from the glare of its whiteneſs. I therefore have often thought that the expreſſion of a fine *ſheet* of water, which is always meant and taken as a compliment, is a very juſt ſatire on thoſe naked, glaring imitations (if they be ſo called) of lakes and rivers.

A tree or buſh covered with white bloſſoms ſuggeſts the ſame idea of a white ſheet thrown over them; and white ſheets ſcattered about a landſcape would not very readily unite with other objects.

The apple bloſſoms, whoſe colours when ſeen near, and when their different ſhades and gradations can be diſtinguiſhed, are ſo beautiful; at a diſtance loſe all their richneſs and variety: they appear only red, glaring, and ſpotty; and the effect of a great number of orchards of pears, apples, and cherries in full blow, ſtrongly proves that red and white ought never to predominate in the * general landſcape.

In

* Having heard that at the time of the blow the whole county of Hereford looked like a garden, I many years

In the opening of ſpring alſo, the contraſt is too ſtrong between the early trees in all their freſhneſs of leaves, and gaiety of bloſſoms, and the lifeleſs boughs of the oak or aſh; and no painter *, I believe, has

ago came down at that ſeaſon expecting to be in raptures. My diſappointment was equal to my expectation, when I croſſed the Malvern hills, and ſaw the country ſpread out before me; it anſwered indeed to the deſcription, and did look like a garden; but from that time I have never wiſhed to ſee a garden of ſeveral hundred acres.

* It muſt not however be concluded from what has been ſaid, that the painter has no pleaſure in any ſet of objects unleſs they make a picture; the charms of ſpring are univerſally felt, and he enjoys them in common with all mankind, unleſs he has narrowed his mind by that art which ought moſt to have enlarged it. But then his enjoyment is greatly heightened and varied when the bloſſoms and flowers of ſpring are ſo mixed in and grouped with the earlier deciduous trees, with evergreens, with buildings, and other objects, that the glare and gaudineſs is taken away while the gaiety remains. All ſuch combinations as form pictures (that is, in other words, where the forms and colours are moſt happily balanced and connected) are only new ſources of pleaſure added to the general ones; they are alſo pleaſures that may be dwelt upon and returned to after the firſt enchanting but vague delight of ſpring is diminiſhed.

Such

has ever deſerved to have it ſaid of him, that like Mezentius,

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis.

Theſe ſeem to me the principal beauties and defects of the *earlier* part of ſpring, at which time however the change is moſt ſtriking: as the ſeaſon advances, and the leaves are more and more expanded, they no longer retain that vernal hue, that gloſs of youth; and the trees in the height of ſummer loſe perhaps as much in the freſhneſs, variety, and lightneſs of their foliage, as they gain in the general fullneſs of it, and the ſuperior ſize of their leaves.

Such indeed are the charms of reviving nature, that he who does not feel them, and feel them with rapture, becauſe in many caſes they are leſs ſuited to pictures, muſt have a very pedantic love of painting. The profuſion of freſh, gay, and beautiful colours, and of ſweets, united with the ideas of fruitfulneſs, have altogether an effect ſimilar to that of the ſublime; they abſorb for the moment all other conſiderations, and on a genial day in ſpring, and in a place where all its charms are diſplayed, one feels the full force of that exclamation of Adam, when he firſt wakened to the pleaſure of exiſtence:

"With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd."

The Midſummer ſhoot relieves the uniform green that immediately precedes it; in many trees (and in none more than the oak) the effect is ſingularly beautiful; the old foliage forms a dark back ground, on which the new appears relieved and detached in all its freſhneſs and brilliancy; it is ſpring engraſted upon ſummer. This effect, however, is confined to the nearer objects; the great general change in all vegetation from the green of ſummer is produced by the firſt froſts of autumn. Then begins that variety of rich glowing tints, which, at the early period of their change, ſo admirably accord with each other, and form ſo ſplendid a whole; ſo ſuperior in depth and richneſs to thoſe of any other part of the year.

It has often ſtruck me, that the whole ſyſtem of the Venetian colouring (particularly that of Giorgione and Titian, which has been the great object of imitation) was formed upon the tints of autumn; and from thence their pictures have that golden hue which gives them (as Sir Joſhua Reynolds

Reynolds obſerves) ſuch a ſuperiority over all others. Their trees, foregrounds, and every part of their landſcapes, have, more ſtrongly than thoſe of any other painters, the deep and rich browns of that ſeaſon. The ſame general hue prevails in the draperies of their figures, and even in their * fleſh, which has neither the ſilver purity of Guido, nor the freſhneſs of Rubens, but a glow perhaps more enchanting than either. Sir Joſhua has remarked, that the ſilver purity of Guido is more ſuited to beauty than that glowing golden hue of Titian: it was natural for him to mention Guido as being the painter who had moſt ſucceeded in beauty of form; but with

* A ſtrong proof of this is in the Ganymede of Titian, in the Colonna palace, to which, by the order of the old cardinal, Carlo Maratt put a new ſky of the ſame tone as thoſe in his own pictures; and one may ſay, that none but ſuch a cold inſipid artiſt could have borne to execute what ſuch groſs unfeeling ignorance had commanded: ſuch a ſky would have been a ſevere trial to the fleſh of any warm picture, but it makes that of the Ganymede appear almoſt black; which certainly would not have been the caſe if it had been painted by Rubens or Correggio.

leſs

leſs of that purity and evenneſs of tint, there is a freſhneſs in that of Rubens which would admirably accord with beauty, though there are but few inſtances in his works of ſuch a union.

It ſeems to me that if any one of the qualities which Mr. Burke has ſo juſtly given as eſſential to beauty is more eſſential than the others, it is freſhneſs; and it is that which makes the moſt diſtinct line of ſeparation between the beautiful and the pictureſque in colouring *. I ſhould on that account be inclined to call the Venetian ſtyle of colouring, and that of Mola, of Dom. Feti, and others who have imitated it, the pictureſque ſtyle, as

* Claude always mixed a much larger proportion of cool, freſh colours in his landſcapes than the Venetians did in theirs. In ſome of his early pictures, thoſe cool tints prevail too much, and give them a cold ſickly appearance; his beſt works, however, are entirely free from that as well as the oppoſite defect, and his authority for the due proportion of cool and warm colours which beauty requires, is as high as any man's can be; for no one ſtudied beauty more diligently, more ſucceſsfully, or for a greater number of years.

being

being formed upon the deep and glowing tints of autumn, and not upon the freſh and delicate colours of ſpring; and although this Venetian colouring may not upon the whole be ſo congenial to the ſublime as the ſeverer ſtyles of the Roman and Florentine ſchools, yet it is infinitely more ſo than the freſher and more ſenſual ſtyle of * Rubens, or the ſilvery tone of Guido, and in that accords with the general character of the pictureſque, more readily mixing with the ſublime than the beautiful does. Sometimes alſo very grand effects are produced by means of thoſe broken tints, that corruption of colours, as it is termed, which would not have been produced by the cutting ones of the Roman ſchool, ſuch

* Rubens ſeems to have had ſuch delight in *beauty* of tint, as often to have placed it where one of a coarſer kind would have been more in character. I remember obſerving, in that wonderful ſketch of a battle on a bridge in the Orleans collection, the knee of a robuſt ſoldier of ſo beautiful a carnation, blended with ſuch pure white, as is only ſeen in the moſt delicate woman's complexion.

as are ſeen in the * back-grounds and ſkies of Titian.

Many of Rubens's works have quite the freſhneſs of the early ſeaſon of the year; and the whole of that well-known picture of the Duke of Rutland's has the ſpring-like hue of thoſe flowers he has with ſo gay and ſpring-like a profuſion (but ſtill with a painter's judgment) thrown about it. But when Titian introduces flowers, they alſo are made to accord with his general principle; they are not the children of ſpring; they ſeem to belong to a later ſeaſon; and he ſpreads over them an autumnal hue and atmoſphere that would make even Rubens's flowers (much more thoſe of a mere flower painter) look raw in compariſon.

This leads me to obſerve, that it is not

* That, for inſtance, in the St. Margaret, at Lord Harcourt's, at Nuneham. Thoſe of Rubens and Vandyke are frequently very grand where the ſubject required it, and in that reſpect they made Titian and the Venetians their model.

only

only the change of vegetation that gives to autumn that golden hue, but alſo the atmoſphere itſelf, and the lights and ſhadows which then prevail. In September and October the ſun deſcribes a much lower circle above the horizon than in May and April; and conſequently gives broader lights and ſhadows during a much larger portion of the day, and more reſembling thoſe which are produced at the cloſe of it *. The very characters of the ſky and the atmoſphere are of a piece with thoſe of the two ſeaſons: in ſpring, light and flitting clouds, with ſhadows equally flitting and uncertain; refreſhing ſhowers, with gay and genial burſts of ſunſhine, that ſeem ſuddenly to call forth and nou-

* In winter, when that circle is moſt contracted, even the mid-day lights and ſhadows, from their horizontal direction, are ſo ſtriking, and the parts ſo finely illuminated, and yet ſo connected and filled up by them, that one forgets the nakedneſs of the trees from admiration of the general maſſes. In ſummer, the exact reverſe is as often the caſe; the rich cloathing of the parts makes a faint impreſſion from the vague and general glare of light without ſhadow.

riſh

riſh the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured, and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and of the changing foliage are rendered ſtill more ſo by the warm haze which often, on a fine day in that ſeaſon, ſpreads the laſt varniſh over every part of the picture.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE endeavoured, to the beſt of my abilities, and according to the obſervations I have made in a long habit of reflection on the ſubject, to trace the ideas we have of the pictureſque through the different works of art and nature; and it appears to me, that in all objects of ſight, in buildings, trees, water, ground, in the human ſpecies, and in other animals, the ſame general principles uniformly prevail, and that even light and ſhadow, and colours, have the ſtrongeſt conformity to thoſe principles. I have compared both its cauſes and effects with thoſe of the ſublime and the beautiful; I have ſhewn its diſtinctneſs from them both, and in what that diſtinctneſs conſiſts.

Of theſe three characters, beauty is that which moſt nearly intereſts us, and it is ſingular that two of thoſe who have moſt ſtudied it, and beſt written upon it, ſhould ſo widely differ in their ideas, that the one ſhould make beauty, and the other uglineſs, proceed from the ſame cauſe. Mr. Burke has obſerved, * "that the idea of variation, without attending ſo accurately to the *manner* of the variation, has led Mr. Hogarth to conſider angular figures as beautiful."

Though I have never happened to meet with this poſition (ſo contrary to Hogarth's general ſyſtem) in the analyſis of beauty, I have no doubt of Mr. Burke's accuracy; and I can eaſily conceive, that a painter like Hogarth, who had obſerved the rich and ſplendid effects produced by ſudden variations, ſhould call angles beautiful. Mr. Burke has, I think, clearly ſhewn that idea to be founded on

* Sublime and Beautiful, page 216.

falſe

falſe principles; but I alſo think that he himſelf, had he thought it worth his while to inveſtigate ſo ungrateful a ſubject as uglineſs with the ſame accuracy he has that of beauty, would hardly have reckoned thoſe objects the *ugliеſt* which approach moſt nearly to * angular, for in that caſe the leaves of the vine and plane would be among the ugliеſt of the vegetable kingdom.

It ſeems to me that mere unmixed uglineſs does not ariſe from ſharp angles, or from any ſudden variation, but rather from that *want* of form, that unſhapen lumpiſh appea ance, which, perhaps, no one word exactly expreſſes; a quality that never can be miſtaken for beauty, never can adorn it, and which is equally unconnected with the ſublime and the pictureſque. In Latin, *forma* is ſometimes uſed ſingly for beauty, and ſeems to ſignify that beauty is form in its moſt ex-

* Sublime and Beautiful, page 217.

quiſitely finiſhed ſtate, when the laſt touches of the maſter's hand have left nothing to add, nothing to diminiſh—ſuch as we find in the moſt perfect Grecian ſculpture. But were an artiſt to model, in any ſoft material, a head from the Venus or the Apollo, and then by way of experiment to make the noſe longer or ſharper—riſing more ſuddenly towards the middle,—or ſtrongly aquiline; were he to give a ſtriking projection to the eyebrow,—or to break the outline of the face into angles,—though he would deſtroy beauty, yet he might create character, and ſomething grand or pictureſque might be produced by ſuch a trial. But let him take the contrary method, let him clog and fill up all thoſe nicely marked variations, of whoſe happy union and connection beauty is the reſult, and uglineſs, and that only, muſt be the conſequence. Were he afterwards to place warts and carbuncles on the noſe, or any other unnatural wens and excreſcencies on the face; were

were he to twiſt the mouth, or make the noſe awry, or of an enormous ſize, he would then add deformity to uglineſs.

Deformity is to uglineſs what pictureſqueneſs is to beauty; though diſtinct from it, and in many caſes ariſing from oppoſite cauſes, it is often miſtaken for it, often accompanies it, and greatly heightens its effect. Uglineſs alone is merely diſagreeable; when any ſtriking deformity is added, it becomes hideous; when terror, ſublime. All theſe are mixed in the

> Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Milton, in his deſcription of death, has left out the deformity that is uſual in the repreſentation of that king of terrors *, poſſibly from judging that the diſtinctneſs of deformity would take off from

* *That* deformity is only ſuch with reſpect to the human body in its perfect ſtate; death being conſtantly painted as a ſkeleton, *that* muſt be conſidered as his natural form.

that myſterious uncertainty which has rendered his picture ſo awfully ſublime:

> The other ſhape,
> If ſhape it might be called, which ſhape had none
> Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb,
> Or ſubſtance might be call'd, which ſhadow ſeem'd,
> For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
> And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
> The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.

Some of thoſe who think that all beauty depends on flowing lines have criticiſed the Grecian noſe as being too ſtrait, and forming too ſharp an angle with the reſt of the face: Whether the Greek artiſts were right or not, it clearly ſhews it was their opinion that ſtrait and cutting lines, and what nearly approached to angles, were not only compatible with beauty, but that the effect of the whole would from thence be more attractive than by a continual ſweep and flow of outline in every part *.

* The application of this to modern gardening is too obvious to be enforced. It is the higheſt of all authority againſt continual flow of outline, even where *beauty* of form is the only object.

Thoſe hills and mountains which nearly approach to angles are often called beautiful, ſeldom, I believe, ugly; and when diſtance has ſoftened their roughneſs, brownneſs, and apparent bulk, they accord with the ſofteſt and moſt pleaſing ſcenes, and form the diſtance of ſome of Claude's moſt poliſhed landſcapes. The uglieſt forms (if my ideas are juſt) are thoſe lumpiſh, and, as it were, unformed hills, ſuch, for inſtance, as, from one of the uglieſt and moſt ſhapeleſs animals, are called pig-backed: When the ſummits of any of theſe are notched into paltry diviſions, or have ſuch inſignificant riſings upon them as appear like knobs or bumps, or when any improver has imitated thoſe knobs and knotches, by means of patches and clumps, they are then both ugly and deformed.

The ſame diſtinctions hold good in trees; the uglieſt forms are not thoſe whoſe branches make ſudden angles, (for they are often highly pictureſque,) but

ſuch ſhapeleſs ones as we ſee in trees that have been preſſed by others, or in ſtripped or pollard ones that have juſt begun to recover; in theſe laſt (while the marks of the axe are ſtill viſible) that moſt horrid of all deformity, occaſioned by mangled limbs, added to uglineſs, makes them the moſt diſguſting of all inanimate objects; they bring to our mind the ſhocking ſpectre of Deiphobus:

Priamiden toto laniatum corpore vidi.

The ugliеſt ground is that which has neither the beauty of ſmoothneſs, verdure, and gentle undulation, nor the picturеſqueneſs of bold and ſudden breaks, and varied tints of ſoil: of ſuch kind is ground that has been diſturbed and left in that unfiniſhed ſtate, as in a rough ploughed field run to ſward; ſuch the ſlimy ſhores of a flat tide river, or the ſtony one of a mountain torrent when it deſcends into the plain. The ſteep ſhores of rivers, where the tide riſes at times to a great height, and leaves promontories and caves

of ſlime; and thoſe on which torrents among the mountains leave huge ſhapeleſs heaps of ſtones, may certainly lay claim to ſome mixture of deformity, which is often miſtaken for another character. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear perſons who come from a tame cultivated country (and not thoſe only) miſtake barrenneſs, deſolation, and deformity, for grandeur and pictureſqueneſs *.

* One might ſuppoſe, on the other hand, that the being continually among pictureſque ſcenes would of itſelf, and without any aſſiſtance from pictures, lead to a diſtinguiſhing taſte for them. Unfortunately it often leads to a perfect indifference for that ſtyle, and to a liking for ſomething directly oppoſite.

I once walked over a very romantic place in Wales with the proprietor, and ſtrongly expreſſed how much I was ſtruck with it, and, among the reſt, with ſeveral natural caſcades. He was quite uneaſy at the pleaſure I felt, and ſeemed afraid I ſhould waſte my admiration. "Don't ſtop at theſe things," ſaid he, "I will ſhew you by and by one worth ſeeing." At laſt we came to a part where the brook was conducted down three long ſteps of hewn ſtone: "There," ſaid he, with great triumph, "that was made by Edwards, who built Pont y pridd, and it is reckoned as neat a piece of maſon-work as any in the county."

Deformity in ground is indeed leſs obvious than in other objects: deformity ſeems to be ſomething that did not originally belong to the object in which it exiſts; ſomething ſtrikingly and unnaturally diſagreeable, and not ſoftened by thoſe circumſtances which often make it pictureſque. The ſide of a ſmooth green hill torn by floods may at firſt very properly be called deformed, and on the ſame principle (though not with the ſame impreſſion) as a gaſh on a living animal. When the rawneſs of ſuch a gaſh in the ground is ſoftened, and in part concealed and ornamented by the effects of time and the progreſs of vegetation, deformity, by this uſual proceſs, is converted into pictureſqueneſs; and this is the caſe with quarries, gravel-pits, &c. which at firſt are deformities, and which, in their moſt pictureſque ſtate, are often conſidered as ſuch by a levelling improver. Large heaps of mould or ſtones, when they appear ſtrongly, and without any connection or concealment,

concealment, above the ſurface of the ground, may alſo at firſt be conſidered as deformities, and may equally become pictureſque by the ſame proceſs.

This connection between pictureſqueneſs and deformity cannot be too much ſtudied by improvers, and, among other reaſons, from motives of œconomy. There are in many places deep hollows and broken ground not immediately in view, and that do not interfere with any ſweep of lawn which muſt be kept open. To fill up and level theſe would often be difficult and expenſive; to dreſs and adorn them coſts little trouble or money. Even in the moſt ſmooth and poliſhed ſcenes they may often be ſo maſked by plantations, and ſo united with them, as to blend with the general ſcenery at a diſtance, and to produce great novelty and variety when approached.

With regard to hills and mountains, their ſymmetry and proportions are not indeed marked out and aſcertained like

thoſe of the human figure; but the general principles of beauty and uglineſs, of pictureſqueneſs and deformity, are eaſily to be traced in them, though not in ſo ſtriking and obvious a manner.

In buildings, and all artificial objects, the ſame effects are produced by the ſame means. Whatever is neatly finiſhed, and the form (whatever it may be) accurately expreſſed, will be leſs *ugly* than the ſame ſtyle of form executed in a ſlovenly and unfiniſhed manner. A new brick-wall, for inſtance, is leſs ugly, though perhaps more unpictureſque, than a mud-wall; a brick-cottage than a mud one. A clamp of brick no one will deny to be completely ugly, and it is melancholy to reflect how many houſes in this kingdom are built upon that model; the chief difference, and that which makes them a degree leſs ugly, is the ſharpneſs of their angles.

With reſpect to colours, it appears to me that as tranſparency is one eſſential quality of beauty, ſo the want of that tranſpa-

tranſparency, or what may be termed muddineſs, is the moſt general and efficient cauſe of uglineſs. A colour, for inſtance, may be harſh, glaring, or tawdry, and yet pleaſe many eyes, and by ſome be called beautiful, but a muddy colour no one ever was pleaſed with, or gave that title to. If this idea of uglineſs in colour is juſt, it very much ſtrengthens what I have before remarked with reſpect to form; for in that uglineſs is ſaid to ariſe from clogging thoſe nicely marked variations which produce beauty, and in this it will in a ſimilar manner ariſe from clogging, thickening, and altering the nice proportion and arrangement of thoſe particles, whatever they be, which produce clearneſs and beauty of colour *.

Uglineſs, like beauty, has no prominent features; it is in ſome degree regular and

* I am here ſpeaking of colours conſidered ſeparately; not of thoſe numberleſs beauties and effects which are produced by their numberleſs connections and oppoſitions.

uniform,

uniform, and at a diſtance, and even on a ſlight inſpection, is not immediately ſtriking. Deformity, like pictureſqueneſs, makes a quicker and moſt diſtant impreſſion, and ſtrongly rouſes the attention. On this principle ugly muſic is what is compoſed according to rule and common proportion, but which has neither that ſelection of ſweet and flowing melody which anſwers to the beautiful, nor that marked character, that variety, thoſe ſudden and maſterly changes which correſpond with the pictureſque. If ſuch muſic be executed in the ſame ſtyle in which it is compoſed, it will cauſe no ſtrong emotion; but if played out of tune it will become deformed, and every ſuch deformity will make the muſical hearer ſtart. The enraged muſician ſtops both his ears againſt the *deformity* of thoſe ſounds which Hogarth has ſo powerfully conveyed to us through another ſenſe, as almoſt to juſtify the bold expreſſion of Æſchylus, δεδορκα φωνην. Apply this to the other ſenſe; mere uglineſs

is

is looked upon without any violent emotion, but deformity in any ſtrong degree would probably cauſe the ſame ſort of action in the beholder as in Hogarth's muſician, by making him afraid to truſt ſingly to thoſe means of excluſion which nature has placed over the ſight.

The effects of the pictureſque, when mixed with the ſublime or the beautiful, have been already conſidered. It will be found as frequently mixed with uglineſs, and its effects when ſo mixed to be perfectly conſiſtent with all that has been mentioned of its effects and qualities. Uglineſs, like beauty, in itſelf is not pictureſque, for it has, ſimply conſidered, no ſtrongly marked features; but when the laſt-mentioned character is added either to beauty or to uglineſs, they become more ſtriking and varied, and whatever may be the ſenſations they excite, they always, by means of that addition, more ſtrongly attract the attention. We are amuſed and occupied by ugly objects if they are alſo pictureſque, juſt as we are by a rough,

and in other reſpects a diſagreeable mind, provided it has a marked and peculiar character; without it, mere outward uglineſs, or mere inward rudeneſs, are ſimply diſagreeable.

An ugly man or woman with an aquiline noſe, high cheek bones, beetle brows, and ſtrong lines in every part of the face, will, from theſe pictureſque circumſtances (which might all be taken away without deſtroying uglineſs) be much more *ſtrikingly* ugly than a man with no more features than an oyſter. Such uglineſs, like beauty, when a milder degree and ſtyle of the pictureſque is added to it, is more diverſified, more amuſing, as well as more ſtriking; and when theſe circumſtances of diſguſt, which often attend reality, are ſoftened and diſguiſed, as in the drama, by imitation, pictureſque uglineſs (to which title it has juſt as good a right as to that of beauty) becomes a ſource of pleaſure. He who has been uſed to admire ſuch pictureſque uglineſs in painting, will from the ſame cauſes look with pleaſure (for we have

have no other word to expreſs the degree or character of that ſenſation) at the original in nature; and one cannot think ſlightly of the power and advantage of that art which makes its admirers often gaze with ſuch delight on ſome antient lady, as with the help of a little vanity might perhaps lead her to miſtake the motive *.

As the exceſs of thoſe qualities which chiefly conſtitute beauty produces inſipidity, ſo likewiſe the exceſs of thoſe which conſtitute pictureſqueneſs produces deformity. Though theſe mutual relations may perhaps be ſufficiently obvious in inanimate objects, yet as every thing that relates to beauty ſtrikes us more forcibly in

* A celebrated anatomiſt is ſaid to have declared, that he had received in his life more pleaſure from *dead* than from *living* women. This might perhaps be brought as a parallel inſtance of perverted taſte; but I never heard of any painter's having made the ſame declaration with reſpect to age and youth. Whatever may be the future refinements of painting and anatomy, I believe young and live women will never have reaſon to be jealous of old or dead rivals.

our own ſpecies, the progreſs of that exceſs towards inſipidity on one ſide, and towards deformity on the other, will be more clearly perceived if we obſerve what its effects would be on the human countenance, and if we ſuppoſe the *general* form of the countenance to remain the ſame, and only what may be conſidered as the *accompaniments* to be changed.

Suppoſe then (what is no uncommon ſtile or degree of beauty) a woman with fine features, but the character of whoſe eyes, eyebrows, hair, and complexion, are more ſtriking and ſhowy than delicate: imagine then the ſame features, with the eyebrows leſs marked, and both thoſe and the hair of the head of a ſofter texture;—the general glow of complexion changed to a more delicate gradation of white and red,—the ſkin more ſmooth and even,—and the eyes of a milder colour and expreſſion: you would by this change take off from the ſtriking, the ſhowy effect; but ſuch a face would have more of that finiſhed delicacy which even thoſe who might pre-

fer

ſer the other ſtile would allow to be more in uniſon with the idea of beauty, and the other would appear comparatively coarſe and unfiniſhed. If we go on ſtill farther, and ſuppoſe hardly any mark of eyebrow;—the hair, from the lightneſs of its colour, and from the ſilky ſoftneſs of its quality, giving ſcarce any idea of roughneſs;—the complexion of a pure and almoſt tranſparent whiteneſs, with hardly a tinge of red;—the eyes of the mildeſt blue, and the expreſſion equally mild,—you would then approach very nearly to inſipidity, but ſtill without deſtroying beauty; on the contrary, ſuch a form, when irradiated by a mind of equal ſweetneſs and purity, united with ſenſibility, has ſomething angelic, and ſeems farther removed from what is earthly and material. This ſhews how much ſoftneſs, ſmoothneſs, and delicacy, even when carried to an extreme degree, are congenial to beauty: on the other hand it muſt be owned, that where the only agreement between ſuch a form and

the ſoul that inhabits it is want of character and animation, nothing can be more completely vapid than the whole compoſition.

If now we return to the ſame point from whence we began, and conceive the eyebrows *more* ſtrongly marked—the hair rougher in its effect and quality—the complexion more duſky and gipſy-like—the ſkin of a coarſer grain, with ſome moles on it—a degree of caſt in the eyes, but ſo ſlight as only to give archneſs and peculiarity of countenance—this, without altering the proportion of the features, would take off from beauty what it gave to character and pictureſqueneſs. If we go one ſtep farther, and encreaſe the eyebrows to a prepoſterous ſize—the caſt into a ſquint—make the ſkin ſcarred and pitted with the ſmall pox—the complexion full of ſpots—and encreaſe the moles into excreſcencies,—it will plainly appear how cloſe the connection is between beauty and inſipidity, and between pictureſque-

neſs

neſs and deformity, and what "thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The whole of this applies moſt exactly to improvements: the general features of a place remain the ſame, the accompaniments only are changed, but with them its character. If the improver (as it uſually happens) attends ſolely to verdure, ſmoothneſs, undulation of ground, and flowing lines, the whole will be inſipid. If, on the contrary (what is much more rare) the oppoſite taſte ſhould prevail; ſhould an improver, by way of being pictureſque, make broken ground, coves, and quarries all about his place; encourage nothing but furze, briars, and thiſtles; heap quantities of rude ſtones on his banks, or, to crown all, like Mr. Kent, plant dead trees; the deformity of ſuch a place would, I believe, be very generally allowed, though the inſipidity of the other might not be ſo readily confeſſed.

I may here remark, that though pictureſqueneſs and deformity are ſo ſtrictly

confined to the ſenſe of ſeeing, yet that there is in the other ſenſes a moſt exact reſemblance to their effects; this is the caſe not only in the ſenſe of hearing (of which ſo many examples have been given) but in the more contracted ones of taſting and ſmelling, and the progreſs I have mentioned is in them alſo equally plain and obvious. It can hardly be doubted that what anſwers to the beautiful in the ſenſe of taſting has ſmoothneſs and ſweetneſs for its baſis, with ſuch a degree of ſtimulus as enlivens but does not overbalance thoſe qualities; ſuch, for inſtance, as in the moſt delicious fruits and liquors. Take away the ſtimulus, they become inſipid; encreaſe it ſo as to overbalance thoſe qualities, they then gain a peculiarity of flavour, are eagerly ſought after by thoſe who have acquired a reliſh for them, but are leſs adapted to the general palate. This correſponds exactly with the pictureſque; but if the ſtimulus be encreaſed beyond that point, none but depraved and

vitiated palates will endure what would be ſo juſtly termed deformity in objects of ſight *. The ſenſe of ſmelling has in this, as in all other reſpects, the cloſeſt conformity to that of taſting.

* The old maxim of the ſchools, de guſtibus non eſt diſputandum, is by many extended to all taſtes, and claimed as a ſort of privilege not to have any of their's called in queſtion. It is certainly very reaſonable that a man ſhould be allowed to indulge his eye as well as his palate in his own way; but if he happens to have a taſte for water-gruel without ſalt, he ſhould not force it upon his gueſts as the perfection of cookery, or burn their inſides, if, like the king of Pruſſia, he loved nothing but what was ſpiced enough to turn a living man into a mummy.

PART II.

HAVING now examined the chief qualities that in ſuch various ways render objects intereſting; and having ſhewn how much the beauty, ſpirit, and effect of landſcape, real or imitated, depends upon a due mixture of rough and ſmooth, of warm and cool tints; and of what extreme conſequence variety and intricacy are in thoſe as well as our other pleaſures; having ſhewn too that the general principles of improving are in reality the ſame as thoſe of painting, I ſhall next enquire how far the principles of the laſt-mentioned art (clearly the beſt qualified to improve and refine our ideas of nature)

have been attended to by improvers, and how far alſo thoſe who firſt produced, and thoſe who have continued the preſent ſyſtem, were capable of applying them, even if they had wiſhed to do ſo.

It appears from Mr. Walpole's very ingenious and entertaining Treatiſe on Modern Gardening, that Kent was the firſt who introduced that ſo much admired change from the old ſyſtem to the preſent one, the whole of which change, and all that has proceeded from it, is compriſed in half a line of Horace:

Mutat quadrata rotundis.

Kent, it is true, was by profeſſion a painter as well as an improver; but he may ſerve as an example how little a certain degree of mechanical practice will qualify its poſſeſſor to direct the taſte of a nation in either of thoſe arts.

The moſt enlightened judge, both of his own art and of all that relates to it, is a painter of a liberal and comprehenſive mind,

mind, who has added extenſive obſerva-tion and reflection to practical execution; and if to that he adds alſo the power of expreſſing his ideas clearly and forcibly in words, the moſt capable of enlightening others. To ſuch a rare combination we owe Sir Joſhua Reynolds's diſcourſes, the moſt original and impreſſive work that ever was publiſhed on his, or poſſibly on any other art. On the other hand, no-thing ſo contracts the mind as a little practical dexterity, unaſſiſted and uncor-rected by general knowledge and obſer-vation, and by a ſtudy of the great maſ-ters of the art. An artiſt, whoſe mind has been ſo contracted, refers every thing to his own narrow circle of ideas and exe-cution *, and wiſhes to confine within that circle all the reſt of mankind.

Mr.

* I remember a gentleman, who played very prettily on the flute, abuſing all Handel's muſic, and to give me every advantage, like a generous adverſary, he defied me to name one good chorus of his writing. It may well be ſuppoſed that I did not accept the challenge; c'etoit bien

Mr. Walpole, by a few characteriſtic anecdotes, has made us perfectly acquainted with Kent; a painter, who, from being uſed to plant young beeches, introduced them, almoſt excluſively, into his landſcapes, and who, even in his deſigns for Spencer (whoſe ſcenes were ſo often laid—infra l'ombroſe piante *d'antica* ſelva) ſtill kept to his little beeches, muſt have had a more paltry mind than falls to the common lot; it muſt alſo have been as perverſe as it was paltry; for as he *painted* trees without form, ſo he *planted* them without life, and ſeems to have imagined *that* alone would compenſate for want of bulk, of age, and of grandeur of character *. Theſe dead trees were probably placed

bien l'embarras des richeſſes; and indeed he was right in his own way of conſidering them, for there is not one that would do well for his inſtrument.

* It is almoſt impoſſible to remove a large old tree, with all its branches, ſpurs, and appendages; and without ſuch qualities as greatneſs of ſize, joined to an air of grandeur, and of high antiquity, a dead tree ſhould ſeldom be *left* in a conſpicuous place; to entitle it to ſuch a ſtation,

placed where they would attract the eye; for it is rare that any improver wiſhes to conceal his efforts. Some other parts of his practice I ſhall have occaſion to conſider hereafter.

No profeſſor of high reputation ſeems to have appeared after him, till at length, that the ſyſtem might be carried to its ne plus ultra (no very diſtant point) aroſe the famous Mr. Brown, who has ſo fixed and determined the forms and lines of clumps, belts, and ſerpentine canals, and has been ſo ſteadily imitated by his followers, that had the improvers been incorporated, their common ſeal, with a clump, a belt, and a piece of made water, would have fully expreſſed the whole of their ſcience, and have ſerved for a model as well as a ſeal *.

It

a ſtation, it ſhould be "majeſtic even in ruin." A dead tree that could be moved, would, from that very circumſtance, be unfit for moving.

* What Arioſto ſays of a grove of cypreſſes has always ſtruck me in looking at made places,

—che parean d'una *ſtampa* tutte impreſſe.

They

It is very unfortunate that this great legiſlator of our national taſte, and whoſe laws ſtill remain in force, ſhould not have received from nature, or have acquired by education, more enlarged ideas. Claude Lorraine was bred a paſtry-cook, but in every thing that regards his art as a painter he had an elevated and comprehenſive mind; nor in any part of his works can one trace the meanneſs of his original occupation. Mr. Brown was bred a gardener, and having nothing of the mind or the eye of a painter, he formed his ſtyle (or rather his plan) upon the model of a parterre, and transferred its minute beauties, its little

They ſeem "caſt in one mould, made in one frame;" ſo much ſo, that I have ſeen places on which large ſums had been laviſhed, unite ſo little with the landſcape around them, that they gave me the idea of having been made by contract in London, and then ſent down in pieces, and put together on the ſpot.

Buying taſte ready made is a good deal like buying love ready made, and almoſt as common: I ſhould ſuppoſe too that the enjoyment of both the purchaſers is much upon a par.

clumps,

clumps, knots, and patches of flowers, the oval belt that ſurrounds it, and all its twiſts and crincum crancums, to the great ſcale of nature*.

We

* This ingenious device of magnifying a parterre calls to my mind a ſtory I heard many years ago. A ountry parſon, in the county where I live, ſpeaking of a gentleman of low ſtature, but of extremely pompous manners, who had juſt left the company, exclaimed, in the ſimplicity and admiration of his heart, "quite grandeur in miniature, I proteſt." This compliment reverſed, would perfectly ſuit the ſhreds and patches that are ſo often ſtuck about by Mr. Brown and his followers, amidſt the noble ſcenes they diſfigure, where they are as contemptible and as much out of character as Claude's firſt edifices in paſtry would appear in the dignified landſcapes he has painted.

When I blame Mr. Brown for having transferred the minutiæ of a parterre to the great ſcale of nature, it is not becauſe they are little in ſize, but in character. There is indeed no more common error than that of miſtaking greatneſs of ſize for greatneſs of manner; it continually happens that the ſmalleſt claſs of rocks, mountains, caſcades, lakes, &c. have infinitely more grandeur of ſtile, and afford more dignified ſubjects to a

painter,

We have, indeed, made but a poor progreſs by changing the formal but ſimple and majeſtic avenue for the thin circular verge called a belt, and the unpretending uglineſs of the ſtrait for the affected fameneſs of the ſerpentine canal: But the great diſtinguiſhing feature of modern improvement is the *clump*; whoſe name, if the firſt letter was taken away, would moſt accurately deſcribe its form and effect. Were it made the object of ſtudy how to contrive ſomething that under the name of ornament ſhould disfigure whole diſtricts, nothing could be imagined that would anſwer that purpoſe like a clump. Natural groups being formed by trees of different ages and ſizes, and at different diſtances from each other, often too of a

painter, than others of three times their magnitude. Indeed, if a certain elevation of character is wanting, mere magnitude, in many caſes, only creates diſguſt; nothing is more contemptible than a tame giant.—"Bulk without ſpirit vaſt."

mixture of timber trees with thorns, hollies, and others of inferior growth, are full of variety in their outlines; and from the ſame cauſes no two groups are exactly alike. But clumps, from the trees being generally of the ſame age and growth, planted nearly at the ſame diſtance in a circular form, and from each tree being equally preſſed by his neighbour, are as like each other as ſo many puddings turned out of one common mould. Natural groupes alſo, from the cauſes I have mentioned, are full of openings and hollows; of trees advancing before, or retiring behind each other; all productive of intricacy and of variety of deep ſhadows and brilliant lights. The others are lumps. In walking about a natural group, the form of it changes at each ſtep; new combinations, new lights and ſhades, new inlets preſent themſelves in ſucceſſion. But clumps, like compact bodies of ſoldiers, reſiſt attacks from all quarters:

quarters: examine them in every point of view; walk round and round them; no opening, no vacancy, no ſtragglers *, but in the true military character, ils font face partout.

The next leading feature to the clump in this circular ſyſtem (and which, in romantic ſituations, rivals it in the power of creating deformity) is the belt. Its ſphere, however, is more contracted: Clumps, placed like beacons on the ſummits of hills, alarm the pictureſque traveller many miles off, and warn him of his approach to the enemy; the belt lies more in ambuſcade, and the wretch who falls into it, and is obliged to walk the

* I remember hearing, that when Mr. Brown was high-ſheriff, ſome facetious perſon obſerving his attendants ſtraggling, called out to him, "Clump your javelin men." What was intended merely as a piece of ridicule might have ſerved as a very inſtructive leſſon to the object of it, and have taught Mr. Brown that ſuch figures ſhould be confined to bodies of men drilled for the purpoſes of formal parade, and not extended to the looſe and airy ſhapes of vegetation.

whole

whole round in company with the improver, will allow that a ſnake with its tail in its mouth is, comparatively, but a faint emblem of eternity. It has, indeed, all the ſameneſs and formality of the avenue, to which it has ſucceeded, without any of its ſimple grandeur; for though in an avenue you ſee the ſame objects from beginning to end, and in the belt a new ſet every twenty yards, yet each ſucceſſive part of this inſipid circle is ſo like the preceding, that though really different the difference is ſcarcely felt, and there is nothing that ſo dulls, and at the ſame time ſo irritates the mind, as perpetual change without variety.

The avenue has a moſt ſtriking effect from the very circumſtance of its being ſtrait; no other figure can give that image of a grand gothic aiſle with its natural * columns and vaulted roof, whoſe general maſs fills the eye, while the parti-

* Mr. Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, page 270.

cular parts inſenſibly ſteal from it in a long gradation * of perſpective:

" Small by degrees, and beautifully leſs."

The broad ſolemn ſhade adds a twilight calm to the whole, and makes it, above all other places, moſt ſuited to meditation. To that alſo its ſtraitneſs contributes; for when the mind is diſpoſed to turn inwardly on itſelf, any ſerpentine line would diſtract the attention. All the characteriſtic beauties of the avenue, its ſolemn ſtillneſs, the religious awe it inſpires, are greatly heightened by moon light. This I once very ſtrongly experienced in approaching a venerable caſtle-like manſion built in the beginning of the 15th century; a few gleams had pierced the deep gloom of the avenue; a large maſſive

* By *long* gradation I do not mean a great *length* of avenue; I perfectly agree with Mr. Burke, " that colonades and avenues of trees of a moderate length are without compariſon far grander than when they are ſuffered to run to immenſe diſtances."—Sublime and Beautiful, ſect. x. p. 136.

tower

tower at the end of it, ſeen through a long perſpective, and half lit by the uncertain beams of the moon, had a grand myſterious effect. Suddenly a light appeared in this tower; then as ſuddenly its twinkling vaniſhed, and only the quiet ſilvery rays of the moon prevailed; again, more lights quickly ſhifted to different parts of the building, and the whole ſcene moſt forcibly brought to my fancy the times of fairies and chivalry. I was much hurt to find from the maſter of the place that I might take my leave of the avenue and its romantic effects, for that a death warrant was ſigned.

The deſtruction of ſo many of theſe venerable approaches is a fatal conſequence of the preſent exceſſive horror for ſtrait lines; ſometimes, indeed, avenues do cut through the middle of very beautiful and varied ground, with which the ſtiffneſs of their form but ill accords, and where it were greatly to be wiſhed they had never been

planted *. They are, however, as often ſituated where a boundary of wood approaching to a ſtrait line would be proper †, and in ſuch places they furniſh a walk of more perfect and continued ſhade than any other diſpoſition of trees, without interfering with the reſt of the place: when you turn from it either to the right

* Had they never been planted, other trees, in various poſitions and groups, would probably have ſprung up in and near the place they occupy; but being there, it may often be doubtful whether they ought to be deſtroyed; for whenever ſuch a line of trees is taken away, there muſt be a long vacant ſpace that will ſeparate the grounds, with their old original trees, on each ſide of it; and young trees planted in the vacancy will not in half a century connect the whole together. As to ſaving a few trees of the line itſelf for that purpoſe, I own I never ſaw it done that it did not produce a contrary effect, and that the ſpot was not haunted by the ghoſt of the departed avenue.

† At a gentleman's place in Cheſhire, there is an avenue of oaks ſituated much in the manner I have deſcribed; Mr. Brown abſolutely condemned it; but it now ſtands a noble monument of the triumph of the natural feelings of the owner over the narrow and ſyſtematic ideas of a profeſſed improver.

or to the left, the whole country, with all its intricacies and varieties, is open before you; but there is no eſcaping from the belt; it hems you in on all ſides, and if you pleaſe yourſelf with having diſcovered ſome wild ſequeſtered part (if ſuch there ever be when a belt-maker has been admitted) or ſome new pathway, and are in the pleaſing uncertainty whereabouts you are, and whither it will lead you, the belt ſoon appears, and the charm of expectation is over. If you turn to the right or to the left, it keeps winding round you; if you break through it, it catches you at your return; and the idea of this diſtinct unavoidable line of ſeparation damps all ſearch after novelty: Far different from thoſe magic circles of fairies and enchanters that gave birth to ſuch potent and ſplendid illuſions, to ſcenes of luxuriant imagination, the palaces and gardens of Alcina and Armida, this, like the ring of Angelica, inſtantly diſſipates every illuſion, every enchantment.

If ever a belt is allowable, it is where the houſe is ſituated in a dead flat, and in a naked ugly country; there at leaſt it cannot injure any variety of ground or of diſtant proſpect; it will alſo be the real boundary to the eye, however unvaried, and any excluſion in ſuch caſes is a benefit; but where there is variety of ground, and a deſcent from the houſe, it more completely disfigures the place than any other improvement. What moſt delights us in the intricacy of varied ground, of ſwelling knolls, and of vallies between them, retiring from the ſight in different directions amidſt trees or thickets, is, that it leads the eye (according to Hogarth's expreſſion) a kind of wanton chace; this is what he properly calls the *beauty* of intricacy, and which diſtinguiſhes that which is produced by ſoft winding ſhapes, from that more ſudden and quickly-varying kind which ariſes from broken and rugged forms. All this wanton chace, as well as the effects of more wild and pictureſque intri-

cacy,

cacy, is immediately checked and put an end to by any circular plantation; which never appears to retire from the eye and loſe itſelf in the diſtance, nor ever admits of partial concealments. Whatever varieties of hills and dales there may be, ſuch a plantation muſt ſtiffly cut acroſs them, and the undulations, and what in ſeamen's language may be called the *trending* of the ground, cannot in that caſe be humoured, or its playful character marked by that ſtyle of planting which at once points out and adds to its beautiful intricacy.

This may ſerve to ſhew how impoſſible it is to plan any forms of plantations that will ſuit all places *, however convenient it

* In the art of medicine, after general principles are acquired, the judgment lies in the application; and every caſe (as an eminent phyſician obſerved to me) muſt be conſidered as a ſpecial caſe.

This holds preciſely in improving, and in both art the quacks are alike; they have no principles, but only a few noſtrums which they apply indiſcriminately

it may be to the profeſſor to eſtabliſh ſuch a doctrine.

I have perhaps expreſſed myſelf more ſtrongly, and more at length than I otherwiſe ſhould have done, on the ſubject of this paltry invention, from the extreme diſguſt I felt at ſeeing its effect in a place whoſe general features are among the nobleſt in the kingdom. In front, the ſea embayed amidſt iſlands, mountains, and promontories; a hanging deſcent of unequal ground from the houſe to the ſhore, on which deſcent different maſſes of wood, groupes, and ſingle trees, more or leſs diſperſed or connected together, with lawns and glades between them, gently leading

to all ſituations and all conſtitutions. Clumps and belts, pills and drops, are diſtributed with equal ſkill; the one plants the right, and clears the left, as the other bleeds the eaſt and purges the weſt ward. The beſt improver or phyſician is he who leaves moſt to nature, who watches and takes advantage of thoſe indications which ſhe points out when left to exert her own powers, but which, when once deſtroyed or ſuppreſſed by an empyric of either kind, preſent themſelves no more.

the

the eye among their intricacies to the ſhore, *might* have been planted, or left if growing there: this would have formed a rich and varied foreground to the magnificent diſtance; and in the approach to the ſeaſide, which ever way you took, would have broke that diſtance, and combined with it into a number of new and beautiful compoſitions. One of Mr. Brown's ſucceſſors has thought differently, and this uncommon diſplay of ſcenery is diſgraced by a belt.

I do not remember this place in its unimproved ſtate; but I was told there was a great quantity of wood between the houſe and the ſea, and that the veſſels appeared (as at that wonderful place, Mount Edgecumbe) as if ſailing over the tops, and gliding among the ſtems of the trees; if ſo, this profeſſor

"Has left ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway."

The method of thinning trees, which, under the idea of improvement, has been adopted by layers out of ground, perfectly

correſponds with their method of planting, and as little attention is paid to what (in the general ſenſe of the word) may be called pictureſque effects. Trees of remarkable ſize, indeed, uſually eſcape; but it is not ſufficient to attend to the giant ſons of the foreſt; often the loſs of a few, nay of a ſingle tree of middling ſize, is of more conſequence to the general effect of the place, by making an irreparable breach in the outline of a principal wood; often ſome of the moſt beautiful groups owe the playful variety of their form, and their happy connection with other groups, to ſome apparently inſignificant, and, to common obſervers, even ugly trees *. To attend to all theſe niceties of outline, connections, and grouping, would require much time as well as ſkill, and therefore a more eaſy and compendious method has been adopted: the different groups are

* Vide Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Notes to Maſon's Du Freſnoy, page 89.

to be cleared round till they become as clumplike as their untrained natures will allow, and even many of thoſe outſide trees that belong to the groups themſelves (and to which they owe, not only their beauty, but their ſecurity againſt wind and froſt) are cut down without pity if they will not range according to their model; till mangled, ſtarved, and cut off from all connection, theſe unhappy newly drilled corps

" Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves*."

Even the old avenue, whoſe branches had intertwined with each other for ages, muſt undergo this faſhionable metamorphoſis, and that by way of breaking its

* Mr. Walpole mentions, that " where the plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and ſtood venerable in darkneſs—Kent thinned the foremoſt ranks."

It is impoſſible to read Mr. Walpole's deſcription without feeling how much the character of ſuch a wood muſt be deſtroyed by ſuch a ſyſtem of improvement.

regu-

regularity; ſo far from having that effect, it is the only way to diſcover that regularity from every point: when entire, its ſtraitneſs can only be ſeen when you look up or down it; viewed ſideways it has the appearance of a thick maſs of wood; if other trees are planted before it, to them it gives conſequence, and they give it lightneſs and variety. But when it is clumpt, and you can ſee through it, and compare each of the ſeparate clumps with the objects before and behind them, the ſtrait line is apparent from whatever point you view it: In its cloſe array the avenue is like the Grecian phalanx; each tree, like each ſoldier, is firmly wedged in between its companions; its branches, like their ſpears, preſent a front impenetrable to all attacks; but the moment this compact order is broken, their ſides become naked and expoſed. Mr. Brown, like another Paulus Æmilius, has broken the firm embodied ranks of many a noble pha-

lanx of trees *, and in this, perhaps, more than in any other inſtance, he has ſhewn how far the perverſion of taſte may be carried, when, at the ſame time that he deprived the avenue of its ſhade and its ſolemn grandeur, he encreaſed its formality.

* I do not know a more intereſting account of a battle than Plutarch's deſcription of that between Perſeus and Paulus Æmilius, in which the famous Macedonian phalanx was at laſt, after repeated efforts, completely broken and vanquiſhed. It is in his life of P. Æmilius, which, if any of my readers ſhould not be acquainted with, and ſhould be tempted to read from this alluſion, I think they will feel highly obliged to me.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

IT is in the arrangement and management of trees that the great art of improvement conſiſts: earth is too cumbrous and lumpiſh for man to contend much with, and its effects when worked upon are flat and dead like its nature. But trees, detaching themſelves at once from the ſurface, and riſing boldly into the air, have a more lively and immediate effect on the eye *. They alone form a canopy over us,

* I have generally obſerved, that perſons not converſant in pictures and drawings, are in travelling much more attentive to diſtant objects than to near ones; and yet the variety and quick ſucceſſion of pictures depends infinitely more on the latter. Diſtant objects do not riſe ſo ſuddenly, or ſo immediately and powerfully ſtrike upon the ſight as near ones. Trees on the foreground, as you proceed, alter their poſition

us, and a varied frame to all other objects, which they admit, exclude, and group with, almoſt at the will of the improver. In beauty, they not only far excel every thing of inanimate nature, but their beauty is compleat and perfect in itſelf, while that of almoſt every other object abſolutely requires their aſſiſtance: without them, the moſt varied inequality of ground; rocks, and mountains *; even water itſelf in † all its

every inſtant; diſtant woods remain the ſame for a long way. An extended proſpect which, ſeen continually and uninterruptedly, had tired the eye, if afterwards viewed partially through trees, has the effect, and almoſt the reality, of novelty. Inſtead of one unchanging view of remote objects, each diviſion of that view becomes a ſubordinate though a beautiful part of a new compoſition, of which the trees and the foreground are the principal.

* It is not meant that the mountains themſelves muſt be wooded, but that there muſt be wood in the landſcape; ſcenes of mere deſolation, however grand, ſoon fatigue the mind.

† I have not mentioned the ſea, as in this country at leaſt, trees will not ſucceed near it, unleſs when it is land-locked, and then (though their combination, as at Mount

its characters of brooks, lakes, rivers, cataracts, is cold, ſavage, and unintereſting: with them, even a dead flat may be full of variety and intricacy; and it is perhaps from their poſſeſſing theſe two laſt quali-

Mount Edgcumbe, is no leſs beautiful than uncommon) the ſea itſelf loſes its grand impoſing character, and puts on ſomething of the appearance of a lake. *There* trees are neceſſary; for a *lake* bounded by naked rocks is a rude and dull landſcape; but change the character of the one element only, let the *ſea* break againſt thoſe rocks, and trees will no longer be thought of. The ſublimity of ſuch a picture abſorbs all idea of leſſer ornaments; for no one can view the foam, the gulphs, the impetuous motion of that world of waters, without a deep impreſſion of its deſtructive and irreſiſtible power. But ſublimity is not its only character; for after that firſt awful ſenſation is weakened by uſe, the infinite variety, both in the forms of the waves, in their light and ſhadow, in the daſhing of their ſpray, and, above all, the perpetual change of motion, continues to amuſe the eye in detail, as much as the grandeur of the whole poſſeſſed the mind. It is in this that it differs not only from motionleſs objects, but even from rivers and cataracts, however diverſified in their parts. In them the ſpectator ſees no change from what he ſaw at firſt; the ſame breaks in the current, the ſame falls continue, and poſſibly on that account they require the aid of trees; but the intricacies and varieties of waves breaking againſt rocks are as endleſs as their motion.

ties

ties in ſo eminent a degree, that trees are almoſt indiſpenſibly neceſſary to pictureſque and beautiful ſcenery.

The infinite *variety* of their forms, tints, and light and ſhade, muſt ſtrike every body; the quality of *intricacy* they poſſeſs, if poſſible, in a ſtill higher degree, and in a more excluſive and peculiar manner. Take a ſingle tree only, and conſider it in this point of view. It is compoſed of millions of boughs, ſprays, and leaves, intermixed with and croſſing each other in as many directions, while through the various openings the eye ſtill diſcovers new and infinite combinations of them: yet, what is moſt ſurpriſing in this labyrinth of intricacy, there is no unpleaſant confuſion; the general effect is as ſimple as the detail is complicate, and a tree is perhaps the only object where a * grand whole (or

* Ground, rocks, and buildings, if the parts are much broken, become fantaſtic and trifling; beſides, they have not that looſe pliant texture ſo well adapted to partial concealment.

at leaſt what is moſt conſpicuous in it) is chiefly compoſed of innumerable minute and diſtinct parts.

To ſhew how much thoſe who ought to be the beſt judges conſider the qualities I have mentioned, no tree, however large and vigorous, however luxuriant the foliage, will be admired by the painter, if it preſent one uniform unbroken maſs of leaves; while others, not only inferior in ſize and in thickneſs of foliage, but of forms that many improvers would ſee little merit in, and ſome cut down, will attract and fix their attention. The reaſons of this preference are obvious; but as on theſe reaſons, according to the ideas I have formed, the whole ſyſtem of planting, pruning, and thinning for the purpoſe of beauty (in its more general acceptation) depends, I muſt be allowed to dwell a little longer on them.

A tree whoſe foliage is every where full and unbroken, of courſe can have but little variety of *form*; then as the ſun ſtrikes only

only on the ſurface, neither can there be much variety of *light* and *ſhade*; and as the apparent colour of objects changes according to the different degrees of light or of ſhade in which they are placed, there can be as little * variety of *tint*; and laſtly, as there are none of thoſe openings that excite and nouriſh curioſity, but the eye is every where oppoſed by one uniform leafy ſkreen, there is as little intricacy as variety. What is here ſaid of a *ſingle* tree is equally true of all *combinations* of them, and appears to me to account perfectly for the bad effect of clumps, and of all plantations and woods where the trees grow cloſe together: Indeed, in all theſe caſes the effect is in one reſpect much worſe; we are diſpoſed to admire the bulk of a ſingle tree, the ipſe nemus, though its form *ſhould* be heavy; but there is a meanneſs as well as a heavineſs in ſeeing a

* Lux varium vivumque dabit, nullum umbra colorem. Du Freſnoy.

lumpy maſs produced by a multitude of little ſtems.

What the qualities are that painters *do* admire in ſingle trees, groups, and woods, may eaſily be concluded from what they do not; the detail would be infinite, for luckily where art does not interfere, the abſolute excluſions are few. If *their* taſte is to be preferred to that of improvers, there is clearly ſomething radically bad in the uſual method of making and managing plantations; it otherwiſe would never happen that the woods, and arrangements of trees which they are leaſt diſpoſed to admire, ſhould be thoſe made for the expreſs purpoſe of ornament. Under that idea, the ſpontaneous trees of the country are often excluded as too common, or admitted in ſmall proportions; and others of peculiar form and colour take place of oak and beech. But of whatever trees the *eſtabliſhed* woods of the country are compoſed, the ſame, I think, ſhould prevail in the *new* ones,

or

or thoſe two grand principles, harmony and unity of character, will be deſtroyed. It is very common, however, when there happens to be a vacant ſpace between two woods, to fill it up with firs, larches, &c.; if this be done with the idea of *connecting* thoſe woods (and that *ſhould* be the object) nothing can be more oppoſite than the effect: even plantations of the ſame ſpecies require time to make them accord with the old growths; but ſuch harſh and ſudden contraſts of form and colour make theſe inſertions for ever appear like ſo many awkward pieces of patch-work *; and ſurely if a man was reduced

* It is not enough that trees ſhould be naturalized to the climate, they muſt alſo be naturalized to the landſcape, and mixed and incorporated with the natives. A patch of foreign trees planted by themſelves in the out-ſkirts of a wood, or in ſome open corner of it, mix with the natives much like a group of young Engliſhmen at an Italian converſazione: But when ſome plant of foreign growth appears to ſpring up by accident, and ſhoots out its beautiful, but leſs familiar foliage among our natural trees, it has the ſame pleaſing effect as when a beautiful and amiable foreigner has acquired

reduced to the neceſſity of having his coat pieced, he would wiſh to have the joinings concealed, and the colour matched, and not to be made a harlequin.

Theſe dark ſhades and ſpire-like forms, that, when planted in patches, have ſuch a motley appearance, may be ſo grouped with the prevailing trees of the country as to produce infinite richneſs and variety, and yet ſeem part of the original deſign; but I imagine it to be an eſtabliſhed rule that plantations made for ornament, ſhould, both in their form and in the trees they are compoſed of, be as diſtinct as poſſible from the woods of the country; ſo that no one may doubt an inſtant what are the parts that have been improved. Inſtead therefore of * that "rich, ample, and flowing robe

acquired our language and manners ſo as to converſe with the freedom of a native, yet retains enough of original accent and character to give a peculiar grace and zeſt to all her words and actions.

* Mr. Maſon's Poem on Modern Gardening is ſo well known to all who have any taſte for the ſubject

robe that nature *ſhould* wear on her throned eminence," ſhe is curtailed of her fair proportions, and pinched and ſqueezed into ſhape; inſtead of " hill united to hill with ſweeping train of foreſt, with prodigality of ſhade," the prim ſquat clump is perked up exactly on the top of every eminence. Sometimes, however, the extent is ſo great, that common ſized clumps would make no figure, unleſs they were exceſſively multiplied; in that caſe it has been very ingeniouſly contrived to conſolidate (and I am ſure the word is not improperly uſed) a number of them into one great lump, and theſe condenſed unwieldy maſſes are, without much choice, ſtuck about the grounds.

I have ſeen two places, on a very large ſcale, laid out in this manner by a pro-

or for poetry in general, that it is hardly neceſſary to ſay that the words between the inverted commas are chiefly taken from it. In the part from whence I have taken theſe two paſſages, he has pointed out the nobleſt ſtyle of planting in a ſtyle of poetry no leſs noble and elevated.

feſſed improver of high reputation. The trees that principally ſhewed themſelves were * larches, and from the multitude of their ſharp points the whole country appeared en heriſſon, and had much the ſame degree of reſemblance to natural ſcenery that one of the old military plans, with ſcattered platoons of ſpearmen, has to a print after Claude or Pouſſin. With all my admiration of trees, I had rather be without them than have them ſo diſpoſed; indeed I have often ſeen hills, the outline of which,—the ſwellings,—and the deep hollows were ſo ſtriking; and whoſe ſurface was ſo varied by the mixture of

* Wherever larches are mixed (though in ſmall proportions) over the whole of a new plantation; from the quickneſs of their growth, their pointed tops, and the peculiarity of their colour, they are ſo conſpicuous, that the whole wood ſeems to conſiſt of nothing elſe.

The ſummits of all round headed trees (eſpecially oak) vary in each tree; but there can be but one ſummit to all pointed trees.

Linea recta velut ſola eſt, & mille recurvæ.
Du Freſnoy.

ſmooth

ſmooth cloſe-bitten turf with the rich though ſhort cloathing of fern, of heath, or furze, and by the different openings and ſheep tracks among them, that I ſhould have been ſorry to have had the whole covered with the fineſt wood; nay, could hardly have wiſhed for trees the moſt happily diſpoſed, and of courſe ſhould have dreaded in proportion thoſe which are uſually placed there by art. An improver has rarely ſuch dread; in general the firſt idea that ſtrikes him is that of diſtinguiſhing his property, nor is he eaſy till he has put his pitch-mark on all the ſummits*. Indeed this often gratifies

* Vanity is a general enemy to all improvement, and there is no ſuch enemy to the real improvement of the beauty of grounds as the fooliſh vanity of making a parade of their extent, and of various marks of the owner's property, under the title of "Appropriation." Where there *are* any noble features that are debaſed by meaner objects—where greater extent would ſhew a rich and varied boundary, and that boundary proportioned to that extent—whatever choaks up or degrades ſuch ſcenes ſhould of courſe be removed; but where there

tifies his deſire of celebrity; it excites the curioſity and admiration of the vulgar; and travellers of taſte will naturally be provoked to enquire from another motive, to whom thoſe unfortunate hills belong.

It is melancholy to compare the ſlow progreſs of beauty with the upſtart growth of deformity; trees and woods planted in the nobleſt ſtyle will not for years ſtrongly attract the painter's notice, though, luckily for their preſervation, the planter is like a

there are no ſuch features—no ſuch boundaries—to appropriate by deſtroying many a pleaſant meadow, and by ſhewing you, when they are laid into one great common, green enough to ſurfeit a man in a calenture—to appropriate by clumping their naked hedgerows, and planting other clumps and patches of exotics that ſeem to ſtare about them, and wonder how they came there—to appropriate by demoliſhing many a cheerful retired cottage that interfered with nothing but the deſpotic love of excluſion; and make amends, perhaps, by building a village regularly pictureſque—is to appropriate by diſguſting all whoſe taſte is not inſenſible or depraved, in the ſame ſenſe that an alderman appropriates a plate of turtle by ſneezing over it.

fond * mother who feels the greateſt tenderneſs for her children at the time they are leaſt intereſting to others.

But to the deformer (a name too often ſynonymous to the improver) it is not neceſſary that his trees ſhould have attained their full growth; as ſoon as he has made his round fences, and planted them, his principal work is done; the eye which uſed to follow with delight the bold ſweep of outline, and all the playful undulation of ground, finds itſelf ſuddenly checked, and its progreſs ſtopt even by theſe embryo clumps. They have the ſame effect on the great features of nature as an excreſcence has on thoſe of the human face; in which, though the proportion of one feature to another greatly varies in different perſons, yet theſe differences, like ſimilar ones in inanimate nature, give va-

* Madame de Sevignè, whoſe maternal tenderneſs ſeems to have extended itſelf to her plantations, ſays, "Je fais abbattre de grands arbres parce qu'ils nuiſent a mes jeunes enfants."

riety

riety of character, and all the parts accord together; but let there be a wart or a pimple on any prominent feature,—no dignity or beauty of countenance can detach the attention from it; that little, round, diſtinct lump, while it diſguſts the eye, has a faſcinating power of fixing it on its own deformity. This is preciſely the effect of clumps; the beauty or grandeur of the ſurrounding parts only ſerves to make them more horribly conſpicuous, and the dark tint of the Scotch fir (of which they are generally compoſed) as it ſeparates them by colour as well as by form from every other object, adds the laſt finiſh.

But even large plantations of firs, when they are not the natural trees of the country, and when, as it uſually happens, they are left too thick, have, in my mind, a harſh look, and on the ſame principle of their not harmonizing with the reſt of the landſcape. A planter very naturally wiſhes to produce ſome appearance of wood as ſoon as poſſible; he therefore ſets his trees very

very close together, and ever afterwards his paternal fondneſs will ſcarce ſuffer him to cut any of them down. They are conſequently all drawn up together, nearly to the ſame height; and as their heads touch each other, no variety, no diſtinction of form can exiſt, but the whole is one enormous, unbroken, unvaried maſs of black. Its appearance is ſo uniformly dead and heavy, that inſtead of thoſe cheering ideas that ariſe from the freſh and luxuriant * foliage, and the lighter tints of deciduous trees, it has ſomething of that dreary image—that extinction of form and colour which Milton felt from blindneſs; when he, who had viewed objects with a painter's

* Perhaps, in ſtrict propriety, the term of foliage ſhould never be applied to firs, as they have no leaves, and, I believe, it is partly to that circumſtance that they owe their want of cheerfulneſs. Thoſe among the lower evergreens that have leaves, ſuch as holly, laurel, arbutus, are much more chearful than the juniper, cypreſs, arbor vitæ, &c. The leaves (if one may ſo call them) of the yew, have much the ſame character as ſome of the firs.

eye,

eye, as he deſcribed them with a poet's fire, was

Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works.

It muſt be conſidered alſo, that the eye feels an impreſſion from objects analogous to that of weight, as appears from the expreſſion, a *heavy* colour, a *heavy* form; hence ariſes the neceſſity in landſcape of preſerving a proper balance of both, and this is a very principal part of the art of painting. If in a picture the one half was to be light and airy both in the forms and in the tints, and the other half one black heavy lump, the moſt ignorant perſon would probably be diſpleaſed (though he might not know upon what principle) with the want of *balance* and of harmony; for theſe harſh diſcordant effects not only act more forcibly from being brought together within a ſmall compaſs, but alſo becauſe in painting they are not authorized by faſhion, or rendered familiar by cuſtom.

The inſide of theſe plantations fully anſwers

anſwers to the dreary appearance of the * outſide: Of all diſmal ſcenes it ſeems to me the moſt likely for a man to hang himſelf in; he would, however, find ſome difficulty in the execution, for amidſt the endleſs multitude of ſtems there is rarely a ſingle ſide branch to which a rope could be faſtened. The whole wood is a collection of tall naked poles, with a few ragged boughs near the top; above,—one uniform ruſty cope, ſeen through decayed and decaying ſprays and branches; below,—

* I have known perſons who acknowledged that the *inſide* of a cloſe wood (either evergreen or deciduous) was poor and ſhabby, yet thought that at ſome diſtance its *outſide* looked as well as that of a more open one. The defects of all objects are of courſe diminiſhed as they are more removed from the eye, but as far as form can be diſtinguiſhed (and that includes a large circuit) the difference is very perceptible between a wood where the trees have been cramped by each other, and one where their heads have had full room to extend themſelves. If two ſuch woods, even at the extremity of an extenſive view, are lit up by a gleam of ſunſhine, the depth of ſhadow, and the fulneſs and richneſs of the one, will clearly diſtinguiſh it from the uniform heavineſs of the other.

the

the ſoil parched and blaſted with the baleful droppings; hardly a plant or a blade of graſs; nothing that can give an idea of life or vegetation: even its gloom is without ſolemnity; it is only dull and diſmal; and what light there is, like that of hell,

> "Serves only to diſcover ſcenes of woe,
> Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades."

In a grove where the trees have had room to ſpread (and in that caſe I by no means exclude the * Scotch fir or any of the pines) there is a ſolemn grandeur in the ſhade, both from the broad and varied canopy over head, the ſmall number and large ſize of the trunks by which that canopy is ſupported †, and from the large

* Mr. Gilpin has admirably pointed out the picturesque character of the Scotch fir (where it has had room to ſpread) in his remarks on foreſt ſcenery; and he as juſtly condemns the uſual method of planting and leaving them in cloſe array.

† This circumſtance ſeems to have ſtruck Virgil in the caſe of a ſingle tree:

Media ipſa ingentem ſuſtinet umbram.

undiſturbed

undiſturbed ſpaces between them: but a cloſe wood of firs is, perhaps, the only one from which the oppoſite qualities of cheerfulneſs and grandeur, of ſymmetry and variety are equally excluded; and in which, though the ſight is perplexed and harraſſed by the confuſion of petty objects, there is not the ſmalleſt degree of intricacy.

Firs, planted and left in the ſame cloſe array, are very commonly made uſe of as ſcreens and boundaries in places where concealment is neceſſary: as the lower part of ſuch ſcreens is in general of moſt conſequence, they are, for the reaſons I mentioned before, the moſt improper trees for that purpoſe: but ſuppoſing them exactly in the condition the planter would wiſh; that the outer boughs (on which alone they depend) were preſerved from animals; and, though planted along the brow of a hill, they had eſcaped from wind and ſnow, and the many accidents to which they are expoſed in bleak ſitua-

tions; they would then exactly anſwer to that admirable deſcription of Mr. Maſon:

" The Scottiſh fir
In murky file rears his inglorious head
And blots the fair horizon."

Nothing can be more accurately or more forcibly expreſſed, or raiſe a juſter image in the mind. Every thick unbroken maſs of black (eſpecially when it can be compared with ſofter tints) is a blot; and has the ſame effect on the horizon in nature, as if a dab of ink were thrown upon that of a Claude. This, however, is viewing it in its moſt favourable ſtate, when at leaſt it anſwers the purpoſe of a ſcreen, though a heavy one; but it happens full as often that the outer boughs do not reach above half way down; and then, beſides the long, black, even line that cuts the horizon at the top, there is at bottom a ſtreak of glaring light that pierces every where through the meagre and naked poles (ſtill more wretchedly meagre when oppoſed to ſuch

ſuch a back ground) and ſhews diſtinctly the poverty and thinneſs of the boundary. Many a common hedge that has been ſuffered to grow wild, with a few trees in it, is a much more varied and effectual ſcreen; but there *are* hedges, where yews and hollies are mixed with trees and thorns,—ſo thick from the ground upwards, —ſo diverſified in their outline,—in the tints, and in the light and ſhade,—that the eye, which dwells on them with pleaſure, is perfectly deceived; and can neither ſee through them, nor diſcover (hardly even ſuſpect) their want of depth.

This ſtriking contraſt between a mere hedge and trees planted for the expreſs purpoſe of concealment and beauty, affords a very uſeful hint, not only for ſcreens and boundaries, but for every ſort of ornamental plantation. It ſeems to point out that concealment cannot ſo well be produced without a mixture of the ſmaller growths, ſuch as thorns and hollies,

which, being naturally buſhy, fill up the lower parts where the larger trees are apt to be bare; that ſuch a mixture muſt produce great variety of outline, as theſe ſmaller growths will not hinder the larger from extending their heads; at the ſame time by reaſon of their different heights, more or leſs approaching to thoſe of the timber trees, they accompany and group with them, and prevent that ſet formal appearance which trees generally have when there are large ſpaces between them, even though they ſhould not be planted at regular diſtances.

It ſeems to me, that if this method was followed in all ornamental plantations, it would in a great meaſure obviate the bad effects of their being left too cloſe, either from fooliſh fondneſs or neglect. Suppoſe, for inſtance, that inſtead of the uſual method of making an evergreen plantation of firs only, and thoſe ſtuck cloſe together, the firs were planted eight,

twelve, or more yards aſunder (of courſe varying the diſtances) and that the ſpaces between them were filled with the lower evergreens *. All theſe would for ſome years grow up together, till at length the firs would ſhoot above them all, and find nothing afterwards to check their growth in any direction. Suppoſe ſuch a wood, upon the largeſt ſcale, to be left to itſelf, and not a bough cut for twenty, thirty, any number of years, and that then it came into the hands of a perſon

* I believe there are only three ſorts natural to this country, holly, box, and juniper; to which, on account of the ſlowneſs of its growth, and its doing ſo well under the drip of other trees, may be added the yew. There is, however, a great variety of exotics that are perfectly hardy, and many others that will ſucceed in ſheltered ſpots, and the moſt ſcrupulous perſon will allow, that among firs (the greateſt part of which are exotics) they are perfectly in character.—Whoever has been at Mount Edgcumbe, and remembers the mixture of the arbutus, &c. with the ſpreading pines, will want no farther recommendation of this method: I muſt own, that amidſt all the grand features of that noble place, it made no ſlight impreſſion on me.

who wiſhed to give variety to this rich but uniform maſs. He might in ſome parts like an * open grove of firs only; in that caſe he would only have to clear away all the lower evergreens, and the firs which remained, from their free unconſtrained manner of growing, would appear as if they had been planted with that deſign. In other parts he might make that beautiful foreſt-like mixture of open grove with thickets and looſely ſcattered trees; of lawns and glades of various ſhapes and dimenſions, variouſly bounded. Sometimes he might find the ground ſcooped out into a deep hollow, forming a ſort of amphitheatre; and there, in order to ſhew its general ſhape, and yet pre-

* A grove of large ſpreading pines is very ſolemn, but that ſolemnity might occaſionally be varied, and in ſome reſpects heightened, by a mixture of yews and cypreſſes, which at the ſame time would give an idea of extreme retirement and of ſepulchral melancholy. In other parts a very pleaſing contraſt in winter might be formed by hollies, arbutus, lauruſtinus, and others that bear berries and flowers at that ſeaſon.

ſerve its ſequeſtered character, he might only make a partial clearing; when all that can give intricacy, variety, and retirement to a ſpot of this kind would be ready to his hands.

It may indeed be objected, (and not without reaſon) that this evergreen underwood will have grown ſo cloſe, that, when thinned, the plants which are left will look bare; and bare they will look, for ſuch muſt neceſſarily be the effect of leaving any trees too cloſe. There are, however, ſeveral reaſons why it is of leſs conſequence in this caſe. The firſt and moſt material is, that the great outline of the wood, formed by the higheſt trees, would not be affected; another is, that theſe lower trees being of various growths, ſome will have outſtripped their fellows in the ſame proportion as the firs outſtripped them, and conſequently their heads will have had room to ſpread, and form a gradation from the higheſt firs to the loweſt underwood.

Again, many of theſe evergreens of lower growth ſucceed well under the drip of taller trees, and alſo (to uſe the figurative expreſſion of nurſery-men) love the knife: by pruning ſome, therefore, and cutting down others, the bare parts of the taller ones would in a ſhort time be covered; and the whole of ſuch a wood might be divided at pleaſure into openings and groups, differing in form, in ſize, and in degrees of concealment, from ſkirtings of the looſeſt texture, to the cloſeſt and moſt impenetrable thickets *.

There

* This method is equally good in making plantations of deciduous trees, though not in the ſame degree neceſſary as in thoſe of firs; and though I have only mentioned *ornamental* plantations, yet, I believe, if thorns were always mixed with oak, beech, &c. beſides their uſe in preventing the foreſt trees from being planted too cloſe to each other, they would by no means be unprofitable. If they were taken out before they were too large to be moved eaſily, their uſe for hedges, and their ready ſale for that purpoſe, is well known; if left longer they are particularly uſeful in planting in gaps, where ſmaller ones would be ſtifled; and if they remained, they would always make excellent

There are few operations in improvement more pleaſant than that of opening gradually a ſcene where the materials are only too abundant, but not abſolutely ſpoiled; as they are in a thick wood of firs. In that, there is no room for ſelection,—no exerciſe of the judgment in arranging the groups, maſſes, or ſingle trees,—no power of renewing vegetation by pruning or cutting down,—or of producing by that, and hardly by any other means, the ſmalleſt intricacy or variety. If one bare pole is removed, that behind differs from it ſo little that one might exclaim with Macbeth,

lent hedge wood, and anſwer all the common purpoſes of underwood. For ornament, a great variety of lower growths might be added; and, among the reſt, of thorns of different ſpecies, the maple leaved, &c. &c.

It is not meant that the largeſt growths ſhould *never* be planted near each other; ſome of the moſt beautiful groups are often formed by ſuch a cloſe junction, but not when they have all been planted at the ſame time, and drawn up together. A judicious improver will know when and how to deviate from any method, however generally good.

" Thy

" Thy air
" Is like the firſt—a third is like the former—
" Horrible ſight !"—

and ſo they would unvariedly go on,

" tho' their line
" Stretch'd out to the crack of doom."

In deſcribing theſe two woods, I do not think I have at all exaggerated the uglineſs and the incorrigible ſameneſs of the one, and the variety and beauty of which the other is capable. I mean however *that* variety which ariſes from the *manner* in which theſe evergreens may be diſpoſed, not from the number of diſtinct ſpecies. I have indeed often obſerved in foreſts, (thoſe great ſtorehouſes of pictureſque diſpoſitions of trees) that merely from oak, beech, thorns, and hollies aroſe ſo many combinations, ſo different in effect from what is gained by ever ſo great a diverſity of trees lumped together, that one hardly wiſhed for more variety; it put me in mind of what is mentioned of the more

more ancient Greek painters; that with only four colours, they did what in the more degenerate days of the art could not be performed with all the aid of chemiſtry.

The true end of variety is to relieve the eye, not to perplex it; it does not conſiſt in the diverſity of ſeparate objects, but in the diverſity of their effects when combined together, in diverſity of compoſition, and of character; many think, however, they have obtained that grand object when they have exhibited in one body all the hard names of the Linnæan ſyſtem*; but when as great a diverſity of

* In a botanical light ſuch a collection is extremely curious and entertaining, but it is about as good a ſpecimen of variety in landſcape as a line of Lilly's grammar would be of variety in poetry:

Et poſtis, vectis, vermis ſocietur et axis.

A collection of hardy exotics may alſo be conſidered as a very valuable part of the improver's palet, and ſuggeſt many new and harmonious combinations of colours; but then he muſt not call the palet a picture.

plants as can well be got together is exhibited in *every* ſhrubbery, or in every plantation, the reſult is a ſameneſs of a different kind, but not leſs truly a ſameneſs than would ariſe from there being no diverſity at all; for there is no having variety of character without a certain diſtinctneſs, without certain marked features on which the eye can dwell.

In foreſts and woody commons we ſometimes come from a part where hollies had chiefly prevailed, to another where junipers or yews are the principal evergreens; and where perhaps there is the ſame ſort of change in the deciduous trees and underwood: this ſtrikes us with a new impreſſion; but mix them equally together in all parts, and diverſity becomes a ſource of monotony.

Two of the principal defects in the compoſition of landſcapes are the oppoſite extremes of objects being too crouded or too ſcattered; the clump is a happy union

union of theſe two grand defects; it is ſcattered with reſpect to the general compoſition, and cloſe and lumpiſh when conſidered by itſelf.

One great cauſe of the ſuperior variety and richneſs of unimproved parks and foreſts, when compared with lawns and dreſſed ground, and of their being ſo much more admired by painters, is,—that the trees and groups are ſeldom totally alone * and unconnected; of this, and of all that is moſt attractive in natural ſcenery, the two great ſources are accident and neglect †.

In

* In the Liber Veritatis, conſiſting of above three hundred drawings by Claude, I believe there are not more than three ſingle trees. This is one ſtrong proof (and I imagine the works of other painters would fully confirm it) that thoſe who moſt ſtudied the effect of viſible objects attended infinitely more to connection than to ſeparate forms. The practice of improvers is directly the reverſe.

† I remember hearing what I thought a very juſt criticiſm on a part of Mr. Crab's poem of the Library. He has there perſonified *Neglect*, and given her the

active

In *foreſts* and in *old parks* the rough buſhes nurſe up young trees, and grow up with them; and thence ariſes that infinite variety of openings, of inlets, of glades, of forms of trees, &c. the effect of all which might be preſerved and rendered more *beautiful*, by a judicious ſtyle and degree of clearing and poliſhing, and might be ſucceſsfully imitated in other parts.

Lawns are very commonly made by laying together a number of fields and meadows, the inſides of which are generally cleared of buſhes: when thoſe hedges are taken away, it muſt be a great piece of luck if the trees that were in them, and thoſe which were ſcattered about the

active employment of ſpreading duſt on books of antient chivalry. But in producing pictureſque effects, I begin to think her vis inertiæ is in many caſes a very powerful agent.

Should this criticiſm induce any perſon who had not read the *Library* to look at that part I have mentioned, he will ſoon forget his motive for looking at it in his admiration of one of the moſt animated and highly poetical deſcriptions I ever read.

open parts, ſhould ſo combine together as to form a connected whole. The caſe is much more deſperate when a layer out of grounds has perſuaded the owner,

To improve an old family ſeat,
By *lawning* a hundred good acres of *wheat*;

for the inſides of *arable* grounds have ſeldom any trees in them, and the hedges but few; and then clumps and belts are the only reſources.

Such an improvement, however, is greatly admired; and I have frequently heard it wondered at, that a green lawn, which is ſo charming in nature, ſhould look ſo ill when painted. It muſt be owned that it does look miſerably flat and inſipid in a picture; but that is not *entirely* the fault of the painter *; for it is hardly poſſible to

* It is, I believe, out of the power of the art to make a long extent of ſmooth unbroken green intereſting; but it muſt alſo be allowed that it might be made leſs bad than the repreſentations of lawns I have happened to ſee. Mr. Gilpin obſerves, that "were a lake ſpread "out on the canvaſs in one ſimple hue, it would be a "dull

to invent any thing more inſipid than one uniform green ſurface dotted with clumps and ſurrounded by a belt. If you will ſuppoſe a lawn with trees of every growth diſperſed in the happieſt manner, and with as much intricacy and variety as mere graſs and trees can give to a lawn without deſtroying its character,—ſuch a ſcene, painted by a Claude, would be a ſoft pleaſing picture; but it would want preciſely what it wants in nature,—that happy union of warm and cool, of ſmooth and rough, of pictureſque and beautiful, which makes the charm of his beſt compoſitions. Were two ſuch pictures (both equally well painted) hung up by each other, the defects of the ſmooth green landſcape would be felt immediately; and

"dull fatiguing object"; he might have added, a very unnatural one: it would then bear the ſame ſort of reſemblance to a lake, as ſome portraits of gentlemen's ſeats do to a lawn, which, though in general a ſufficiently dull and fatiguing object, yet has tints, and lights and ſhadows but ill repreſented by one ſimple hue of green ſpread upon the canvas.

were

were it poſſible to bring two ſuch ſcenes in nature into as immediate a compariſon, he muſt be a ſturdy improver who would heſitate between the two.

But though ſuch ſcenes as the great maſters made choice of are much more varied and animated than one of mere graſs can be, yet I am very far from wiſhing the peculiar character of lawns to be deſtroyed. The ſtudy of the principles of painting would be very ill applied by an improver, who ſhould endeavour to give to each ſcene every variety that might pleaſe in a picture ſeparately conſidered, inſtead of ſuch varieties as are conſiſtent with the connections and dependencies it has on other objects, and its peculiar character and ſituation. Smoothneſs and verdure are the two moſt characteriſtic beauties of a lawn, but they are in their nature cloſely allied to monotony; improvers, inſtead of endeavouring to remedy that defect, which is inherent in thoſe eſſential qualities of beauty, have on

the contrary added to it and made it much more ſtriking, by the diſpoſition of their trees, and their method of forming the banks of artificial rivers: nor have they confined this ſyſtem of levelling and turfing to thoſe ſcenes where ſmoothneſs and verdure ought to be the ground-work of improvement, but have made it the fundamental principle of their art *.

* A perfectly flat ſquare meadow ſurrounded by a neat hedge, and neither tree nor buſh in it, is looked upon not only without diſguſt, but with pleaſure; for it pretends only to neatneſs and utility: the ſame may be ſaid of a piece of arable of excellent huſbandry. But when a dozen pieces are laid together, and called a lawn or a pleaſure-ground, with manifeſt pretenſions to beauty, the eye grows faſtidious, and has not the ſame indulgence for taſte as for agriculture. Men of property, who either from falſe taſte, or from a ſordid deſire of gain, diſfigure ſuch ſcenes or buildings as painters admire, provoke our indignation: not ſo when agriculture, in its general progreſs, (as is often unfortunately the caſe) interferes with pictureſqueneſs or beauty: the painter may indeed lament, but that ſcience, which of all others moſt benefits mankind, has a right to more than his forgiveneſs; when wild thickets are converted into ſcenes of plenty and induſtry, and when gypſies and vagrants give way to the leſs pictureſque figures of huſbandmen and their attendants.

I believe

I believe the idea that ſmoothneſs and verdure will make amends for the want of variety and pictureſqueneſs, ariſes from not diſtinguiſhing thoſe qualities that are grateful to the mere organ of ſight, from thoſe various combinations, which, through the progreſſive cultivation of that ſenſe, have produced inexhauſtible ſources of delight and admiration. Mr. Maſon obſerves, that green is to the eye what harmony is to the ear; the compariſon holds throughout, for a long continuance of either, without ſome relief, is equally tireſome to either ſenſe. Soft and ſmooth ſounds are thoſe which are moſt grateful to the mere ſenſe; the leaſt artful combination (even that of a third below ſung by another voice) at firſt diſtracts the attention from the tune; when that is got over, a Venetian duet appears the perfection of melody and harmony. By degrees the ear, like the eye, tires of a repetition of the ſame flowing ſtrain, and requires ſome marks of invention, of ori-

ginal and ſtriking character, as well as of ſweetneſs, in the melodies of a compoſer; it takes in more and more intricate combinations of harmony and oppoſition of parts, not only without confuſion but with delight; and with that delight (the only laſting one) which is produced both from the effect of the whole, and the detail of the parts *: At the ſame time the having acquired a reliſh for ſuch artful combinations, ſo far from excluding (except in narrow pedantic minds) a taſte for ſimple melodies, or ſimple ſcenes, height-

* This I take to be the reaſon why thoſe who are real connoiſſeurs in any art can give the moſt unwearied attention to what the general lover is ſoon tired of. Both are ſtruck (though not in the ſame manner or degree) with the *whole* of a ſcene; but the painter is alſo eagerly employed in examining the *parts*, and all the artifice of nature in compoſing ſuch a whole. The general lover ſtops at the firſt gaze, and I have heard it ſaid by thoſe who in other purſuits ſhewed the moſt diſcriminating taſte; "Why ſhould we look at theſe things any more — we have ſeen them."

Non piu parlar di lor', ma guarda & paſſa.

ens

ens the enjoyment of them. It is only by ſuch acquirements that a man learns to diſtinguiſh what is ſimple, from what is bald and common-place; what is varied and intricate, from what is only perplexed.

CHAPTER III.

OF all the effects in landſcape, the moſt brilliant and captivating are thoſe produced by water, on the management of which I have heard Mr. Brown particularly piqued himſelf. If thoſe beauties in natural rivers and lakes that are imitable by art, and the ſelections of them in the works of great painters, are the beſt guides in forming artificial ones, Mr. Brown groſsly miſtook his talent; for among all his tame productions, his pieces of made water are perhaps the moſt ſo.

One of the moſt ſtriking properties of water, and which moſt diſtinguiſhes it from the groſſer element of earth, is its being a mirror, and a mirror that gives a peculiar freſhneſs and tenderneſs to the colours

colours it reflects; it ſoftens the ſtronger lights, though the lucid veil it throws over them ſeems hardly to diminiſh their brilliancy; it adds depth to the ſhadows, while its glaſſy ſurface preſerves and ſeems even to encreaſe their tranſparency. Theſe beautiful and varied effects however, are chiefly produced by the *near* objects; by trees and buſhes immediately on the banks; by thoſe that hang over the water, and form dark coves beneath their branches; by various tints of the ſoil where the ground is broken; by roots and old trunks of trees, tuſſucks of ruſhes, large ſtones that are partly whitened by the air and partly covered with moſſes, lychens, and weather-ſtains; while the ſoft tufts of graſs, and the ſmooth verdure of meadows with which they are intermixed, appear a thouſand times more ſoft, ſmooth, and verdant by ſuch contraſts *.

But

* If a man really wiſhes to form a juſt and unbiaſſed opinion of the merits of a beautiful river, and of an artificial

But to produce reflections there muſt be objects; for according to a maxim I have heard quoted from the old law of France (a maxim that hardly required the ſanction of ſuch venerable authority) *ou il n'y a rien le roi perd ſes droits*; and this is generally a caſe in point with reſpect to Mr. Brown's artificial rivers *.

tificial one as they have hitherto been made; let him obſerve the circumſtances I have juſt mentioned at different times of the day, and in different degrees of light and of ſhadow; and then, while all this is freſh in his recollection, let him as attentively examine an artificial river; and judge how far mere greenneſs and ſmoothneſs make amends for the total abſence of every thing elſe.

* I conſider Mr. Brown as the Hercules to whom the labours of the leſſer ones are to be attributed: When I ſpeak of his artificial water, I mean to include all that has been done by his followers after his model; and there can be no difficulty in copying that model exactly. Natural rivers, indeed, can only be imitated by the eye either in painting or reality; but his may be ſurveyed, and an exact plan taken of them by admeaſurement; and though a repreſentation of them would not accord with a Claude or a Gaſper, it might with great propriety be hung up with a map of the demeſne lands.

Even when, according to Mr. Walpole's * deſcription, " a few trees, ſcattered here and there on its edges, ſprinkle the tame bank that accompanies its mæanders," the reflections would not have any great variety or brilliancy.

The mæanders of a river, which at every turn preſent ſcenes of a different character, make us ſtrongly feel the uſe and the charm of them; but when the ſame ſweeps return as regularly as the ſteps of a minuet, the eye is quite wearied with following them over and over again.

* The paſſage I have quoted is in his treatiſe on Modern Gardening: the general tenor of that part is in commendation of the preſent ſtyle of made-water; but this paſſage contains more juſt and pointed ſatire than ever was conveyed in the ſame number of words: a *few* trees, *ſcattered* here and there on its *edges*, *ſprinkle* the *tame* bank. It ſeems to me that in the midſt of praiſes, his natural taſte breaks out into perhaps unintended criticiſms, and which on that account may well ſting the improver who reads them; for the ſting is always much ſharper when

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat.

What

What makes the ſweeps much more formal is their extreme nakedneſs; the ſprinkling a few ſcattered trees on their edges will not do; there muſt be maſſes and groups, and various degrees of openings and concealment; and by ſuch means ſome little variety may be given even to theſe tame banks, for tame they always will remain; and it may be here obſerved, that the ſame objects which produce reflections alſo produce variety of outline, of tints, of lights and ſhadows, as well as intricacy; ſo intimate is the connection between all theſe different beauties, ſo often does the abſence of one of them imply the abſence of the others.

In the turns of a beautiful river, the lines are ſo varied with projections, coves, and inlets; with ſmooth and broken ground; with open parts, and with others fringed and overhung with trees and buſhes; with peeping rocks and large moſſy ſtones, and all their ſoft and brilliant reflections, that the eye lingers upon them; the two banks

ſeem

ſeem as it were to protract their meeting, and the junction of them is formed inſenſibly, they ſo blend and unite with each other. In Mr. Brown's naked canals nothing detains the eye a moment, and the two bare ſharp extremities appear to cut into each other *. If a near approach to mathematical exactneſs was a merit inſtead of defect, the ſweeps of Mr. Brown's water would be admirable; for they ſeem not to have been formed by degrees with ſpades, but ſcooped out at once by an immenſe iron creſcent, which, after cutting

* "When we look at a naked wall, from the evenneſs of the object the eye runs along its whole ſpace, and arrives quickly at its termination." Mr. Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, p. 27.—This accounts for the total want of pictureſqueneſs, and of all intereſt whatſoever, in a continuation of naked edgy lines; for where there is nothing to detain the eye, there is nothing to amuſe it. I may add, that wherever ground is cut with a ſharp inſtrument, it has that ideal effect on the eye; it is a metaphor which naturally prevails in many languages where lines (from whatever cauſe) are hard and edgy. When A. Caracci ſpeaks of the edgineſs of Raphael compared with Correggio, he uſes the expreſſion coſi duro & tagliente—couleurs tranchantes, &c.

out

out the indented part on one ſide, was applied to the oppoſite ſide, and then reverſed to make the ſweeps; ſo that in each ſweep, the indented and projecting parts, if they could be ſhoved together, would fit like the pieces of a diſſected map.

Where theſe pieces of water are made, if there happen to be any ſudden breaks or inequalities in the ground; any thickets or buſhes; any thing, in ſhort, that might cover the rawneſs and formality of new work; inſtead of taking advantage of ſuch accidents, all muſt be made level and bare; and by a ſtrange perverſion of terms, the ſtripping nature ſtark-naked is called dreſſing her.

A piece of ſtill water, with ſuch a thin graſſy edge, looks like a temporary overflowing; to give to the whole a character of age, of permanency, and capacity, it requires ſome height, and ſome degree of abruptneſs in part of the banks—ſome appearance of their having been gradually worn and undermined by the action of the water.

As

As the banks are generally formed, a ſtranger might often ſuppoſe that when dry weather came the *flood* would go off, and the *meadow* be reſtored to its natural ſtate.

And yet, however fond of art, and even of the appearance of it, ſome improvers ſeem to be, I fancy, if a ſtranger was to miſtake one of their dabs of made water for the Thames, ſuch an error would not only be forgiven, but conſidered as the higheſt compliment; notwithſtanding Mr. Brown's modeſt * apoſtrophe to that river.

But though an imitation of the moſt ſtriking varieties of nature, ſo ſkilfully arranged as to paſs for nature herſelf, would be acknowledged as the higheſt attainment of art; yet it ſeems never to have occurred to any one to copy thoſe circumſtances which might occaſion ſo flattering a de-

* "Thames! Thames! Thou wilt never forgive me."—A well known exclamation of Mr. Brown, when he was looking with rapture and exultation at one of his own canals.

ception.

ception. If it was propoſed to any of theſe profeſſors to make an artificial river without regular curves *, ſlopes, and levelled banks, but with thoſe characteriſtic beauties and negligencies which give a certain air of naturalneſs as well as variety to *real* rivers, and which diſtinguiſh them from what is univerſally done by art, they would, in Briggs's language, "ſtare like ſtuck pigs—do no ſuch thing;" their talent lies another way; and if you have a *real* river, and will let them improve it, you will be ſurpriſed to find how ſoon they will make it like an *artificial* one; ſo much ſo, that the moſt critical eye could ſcarcely diſcover that it had not

* The lines in natural rivers, in bye roads, in the ſkirtings of glades of foreſts, have ſometimes the appearance of regular curves, and ſeem to juſtify the uſe of them in artificial ſcenery; but ſomething always ſaves them from ſuch a crude degree of it. If, on a ſubject ſo very unmathematical, one might venture to uſe any alluſion to that ſcience, or any term drawn from it, ſuch lines might be called pictureſque aſymptotes; however they may approach to regular curves, they never fall into them.

been

been planned by Mr. Brown, and formed by the ſpade and the wheelbarrow.

All theſe defects in the banks of made water, may, I am perſuaded, be got over by judicious management * ; but there is another conſideration on this ſubject that

* Mr. Repton, (who is deſervedly at the head of his profeſſion) might effectually correct the errors of his predeceſſors, if to his taſte and facility in drawing (an advantage they did not poſſeſs) to his quickneſs of obſervation, and to his experience in the practical part, he was to add an attentive ſtudy of what the higher artiſts have done, both in their pictures and drawings: Their ſelections and arrangements would point out many beautiful compoſitions and effects in nature, which without ſuch a ſtudy may eſcape the moſt experienced obſerver.

The fatal rock on which all profeſſed improvers are likely to ſplit, is that of ſyſtem; they become manneriſts both from getting fond of what they have done before, and from the eaſe of repeating what they have ſo often practiſed; but to be reckoned a manneriſt is at leaſt as great a reproach to the improver as to the painter. I have never ſeen any piece of water that Mr. Repton had both planned and finiſhed himſelf: Mr. Brown ſeems to have been perfectly ſatisfied when he had made a natural river look like an artificial one; I hope Mr. Repton will have a nobler ambition—that of having his artificial rivers and lakes miſtaken for natural ones.

deſerves

deſerves to be weighed by every improver. To make an artificial river, you muſt neceſſarily begin by deſtroying one of the greateſt charms of a natural one; and motion is ſuch a charm, ſo ſuited to all taſtes, that before a running brook is forced into ſtagnant water, the advantages of ſuch an alteration ought to be very apparent: if it is determined, nothing that may compenſate for ſuch a loſs ſhould be neglected; and as the water itſelf can have but one uniform ſurface, every variety of which banks are capable ſhould be ſtudied both from nature and painting, and thoſe ſelected which will beſt accord with the general ſcenery. Objects of reflection ſeem peculiarly ſuited to ſtill water, for, beſides their diſtinct beauty, they ſoften the cold white glare of what is uſually called a fine ſheet of water. This expreſſion, as I before obſerved (and I believe it is the caſe with other common forms of compliment) contains a very juſt criticiſm on what it ſeems to commend,

and

and the origin of ſuch mixtures of praiſe and cenſure may, I think, be eaſily accounted for. The perſon who firſt makes uſe of ſuch a form, and brings it into vogue, only expreſſes a ſudden idea that ſtrikes him, without examining it accurately. Any perſon, for inſtance, who was ſhewn, for the firſt time, a piece of made water, would probably be ſtruck with the white glare of the water itſelf, and with the uniform greenneſs and exact level of its banks, or rather its border; the idea of linen ſpread upon graſs might thence very naturally occur to him, which, in civil language, he would expreſs by a fine ſheet of water, and this is always meant and taken as a flattering expreſſion, though nothing can more pointedly deſcribe the defects of ſuch a ſcene *: had there been any variety in the banks,

* I happened to be at a gentleman's houſe, the architect of which (to uſe Colin Campbell's expreſſion) "had not preſerved the majeſty of the front from the ill effect of crowded apertures." A neighbour of his, meaning to pay him a compliment on the number and

banks, with deep ſhades, brilliant lights, and reflections, the idea of a ſheet would hardly have ſuggeſted itſelf, or if it had, he who made ſuch a compariſon would have made a very bad one ;

" And liken'd things that are not like at all."

But in the other caſe, nothing can be more like than a ſheet of water and a real ſheet; and wherever there is a large blanching ground, the moſt exact imitations of Mr. Brown's lakes and rivers might be made in linen ; and they would be juſt as proper objects of jealouſy to the Thames as any of his performances.

I am aware that Mr. Brown's admirers, with one voice, will quote the great water at Blenheim as a complete anſwer to all I have ſaid againſt him on this ſubject. No one can admire more highly than I do

cloſeneſs of his windows, exclaimed, " What a charming houſe you have! upon my word it is quite like a lanthorn." I muſt own I think the two compliments equally flattering; but a charming lanthorn has not yet had the ſucceſs of a fine ſheet.

that

that moſt princely of all places; but it would be doing great injuſtice to nature and Vanbrugh not to diſtinguiſh their merits in forming it from thoſe of Mr. Brown.

If there is an improvement more obvious than all others, it is that of damming up a ſtream which flows on an eaſy level through a valley *, and it required no effort of genius to place the head in the narroweſt and moſt concealed part; this is all that Mr. Brown has done. He has, indeed, the negative merit (and that no ſmall one, and to which he is not always entitled) of having left the oppoſite bank of wood in its natural ſtate †; and had he profited

* I will not go quite ſo far as a friend of mine (well known for his love of maintaining ſingular opinions) who, when we were talking, upon the ſpot, of the great water, and of Mr. Brown's merit in conceiving it, declared he was quite certain there was not a houſe-maid in Blenheim to whom it would not immediately have occurred.

† I am convinced, however, that a Mr. Brown, though he may not often venture on ſo flagrant a piece

profited by ſo excellent a model—had he formed and planted the other more diſtant banks, ſo as to have continued ſomething of the ſame ſtyle and character round the lake, (though with thoſe diverſities which would naturally have occurred to a man of the leaſt invention) he would, in my opinion, have had ſome claim to a title created ſince his time; a title of no ſmall pretenſion, that of landſcape gardener: but if thoſe banks above and near the bridge were formed, or

of miſchief as clumping and ſhaving ſuch a bank of wood as that at Blenheim, yet ſeldom, if ever, feels and diſtinguiſhes the peculiar beauties of its *unimproved* ſtate. A profeſſed improver is in all reſpects like a profeſſed picture-cleaner; the one is always occupied with grounds and the other with pictures; but the eyes and taſte of both are ſo vitiated by their practice, that they ſee nothing in either but ſubjects for ſmoothing and poliſhing; and they work on till they have ſkinned and flead every thing they meddle with. Thoſe characteriſtic and ſpirited roughneſſes, together with that patina, the varniſh of time, and which time only can give (and which in pictures may ſometimes hide crudities which eſcape even the laſt glazing of the painter) immediately diſappear; and pictures and places are ſcoured as bright as Scriblerus's ſhield, and with as little remorſe on the part of the ſcourers.

even

even approved of by him, his taſte had more of the engineer than the painter; for they have ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to the glacis of a fortification, that it might well be ſuppoſed that ſhape had been given them in compliment to the firſt duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders.

The bank near the houſe, oppoſite to the wooded one, and which forms part of the pleaſure ground, is extremely well done; for that required a high degree of poliſh, and there the gardener was at home. Without meaning to detract from his real merit in that part (but at the ſame time to reduce it to what appears to me its juſt value) I muſt obſerve that two things have contributed to give it a rich effect at a diſtance, as well as a varied and dreſſed look within itſelf; in both reſpects a very different one from his other plantations. In the firſt place, there were ſeveral old trees there before he began his works; and their high and ſpreading tops would unavoidably prevent that dead flat-

neſs of outline, *cet air ecrasè*, which his own cloſe * lumpy plantations of trees always

* It may perhaps be thought unjuſt to make Mr. Brown anſwerable for the neglect of gardeners; it may be ſaid, that an improver's buſineſs is to *form*, not to *thin* plantations. But a phyſician would deſerve very ill of his patient, who, after preſcribing for the moment, ſhould abandon him to the care of his nurſe; and who in his future viſits ſhould concern himſelf no farther, but let the diſorder take its courſe, till the patient was irrecoverably emaciated and exhauſted. Mr. Brown, during a long practice, frequently repeated his viſits; but as far as I have obſerved, the trees in his plantations bear no mark of his attention: indeed, his clumps ſtrongly prove his love of compactneſs. There is another circumſtance in his plantations that deſerves to be remarked: A favourite mixture of his was that of beech and Scotch firs, and in nearly equal proportion: if unity and ſimplicity of character in a wood is to be given up, it ſhould be for the ſake of a variety that will harmonize; which *two* trees, ſo equal in ſize and in numbers, and ſo ſtrongly contraſted in form and colour, can never do.

This puts me in mind of an anecdote I heard of a perſon very much uſed to look at objects with a painter's eye:—He had three cows; when his wife with a very proper œconomy obſerved, that two were quite ſufficient for their family, and deſired him to part with one of them. "Lord, my dear," ſaid he, "*two* cows you know will never group."

A third

ways exhibit. In the next place, the ſituation of this ſpot called for a large proportion of ſhrubs, with exotick trees of various heights; theſe ſhrubs and plants of lower growth, though chiefly put in clumps, the edgy borders of which have a degree of formality *, yet being ſubordinate, and not

A third tree (like a third cow) might have connected and blended the diſcordant forms and colours of the beech and Scotch fir; but every thing I have ſeen of Mr. Brown's works have convinced me that he had, in a figurative ſenſe, no *eye*; and if he had had none in the literal ſenſe, it would have only been a private misfortune,

And partial evil, univerſal good.

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* All ſuch *edges* are no leſs adverſe to the beautiful than to the pictureſque: they are hard, cutting, and formal; they deſtroy all play of outline—all beauty of intricacy. Digging, with the edges it occaſions, is a blemiſh, which is endured at firſt (and with great reaſon) for the ſake of luxuriant vegetation; but when the end is anſwered, why continue the blemiſh? No one, I believe, would think it right to dig a circle or an oval, and keep its edges pared, round a group of kalmeas, azaleas, rhododendrons, &c. that grew luxuriantly in their own natural ſoil and climate, in order to make the whole look more beautiful. Why then continue to

not interfering with the higher growths, or with the original trees, have, from the oppoſite bank, the appearance of a rich underwood; and the beauty, and comparative variety of that garden ſcene, from all points, are ſtrongly in favour of the method of planting I deſcribed in a former part. It is clear to me, however, that Mr. Brown did not make uſe of this method from principle; for in that caſe he would ſometimes at leaſt have tried it in leſs poliſhed ſcenes, by ſubſtituting thorns, hollies, &c. in the place of ſhrubs. Of the rich, airy, and even dreſſed effect of ſuch mixtures, he muſt have ſeen numberleſs examples in foreſts, in parks, on the banks of rivers; and from them he might have drawn the moſt uſeful inſtruction, were it to be expected that thoſe who profeſs to

dig round them in this country, after they have begun to grow as freely as our own plants? Why not ſuffer them to appear, without the marks of culture,

As glowing in their *native* bed?

improve

improve nature ſhould ever deign to become her ſcholars.

But to judge properly of Mr. Brown's taſte and invention in the accompaniments of water, we muſt obſerve thoſe he has formed *entirely* himſelf, and *that* we may do without quitting Blenheim *; for below the caſcade all is his own, and a more complete piece of monotony could hardly be furniſhed even from his own works. When he was no longer among ſhrubs

* As Blenheim is the only place I have criticiſed by name, an apology is due to the noble poſſeſſor of it (to whom, on many accounts, I ſhould be particularly ſorry to give offence) for the freedom I have taken. I truſt, however, that the liberality of mind, which naturally accompanies that love and knowledge of the fine arts for which he is ſo diſtinguiſhed, will make him feel that in criticiſing modern gardening it would have been unfair to Mr. Brown not to have mentioned his moſt famous work; and that my ſilence on that head would have been attributed to other motives than thoſe of delicacy and reſpect. I muſt alſo add in my defence, that I can hardly look upon Blenheim in the light of common private property; it has the glorious and ſingular diſtinction of being a national reward for great national ſervices; and the public has a more than common intereſt in all that concerns ſo noble a monument.

and

and gravel walks, the gardener was quite at a loſs: his mind having never been prepared, by a ſtudy of the great maſters of landſcape, for a more enlarged one of nature; finding no invention, no reſources within himſelf, he copied what he had moſt ſeen and moſt admired—his own little works; and in the ſame ſpirit in which he had magnified a parterre, he planned a gigantic gravel walk; when it was dug out, he filled it with another element, called it a river, and thought the nobleſt in this kingdom muſt be jealous of ſuch a rival *.

* Mr. Brown and his followers are great œconomiſts of their invention: with them walks, roads, brooks, and rivers are, as it were, convertible works—dry one of their rivers, it is a large walk or road—flood a walk or a road, it is a little brook or river—and the accompaniments (like the drone of a bagpipe) always remain the ſame.

A brook, indeed, is not always dammed up; it ſometimes (though rarely) is allowed its liberty; but, like animals that are ſuffered by the owner to run looſe, it is marked as private property, by being mutilated. No operation in improvement has ſuch an appearance of barbarity as that of deſtroying the modeſt retired cha-

 racter

racter of a brook: I remember ſome burleſque lines on the treatment of Regulus by the Carthaginians, which perfectly deſcribe the effect of that operation:

His eyelids they pared,
Good God! how he ſtared!

Juſt ſo do theſe improvers torture a brook by widening it, cutting away its beautiful fringe, and expoſing it to day's gariſh eye.

If, inſtead of always turning them into regular pieces of water, brooks were ſometimes ſtopped *partially*, and to different degrees of height, where there appeared to be natural beds, and where natural banks with trees or with thickets, would then hang over them; there would be a mixture and ſucceſſion of ſtill and of running-water; of quick motion, and of clear reflection.

I HAVE now gone through the principal points of modern gardening; but the obſervations I have made relate almoſt entirely to the *grounds*, and not to what may properly be called the *garden* *. The embelliſhments near the houſe, and thoſe decorations which would beſt accord with architecture, and with buildings of every kind, deſerve a ſeparate chapter; and ſome future time I may poſſibly attempt it, ſhould this work be received favourably.

As the art of gardening, in its extended ſenſe, vies with that of painting, and has been thought likely to form a new ſchool of painters; I think I am juſtified in hav-

* A gentleman, whoſe taſte and feeling, both for art and nature, rank as high as any man's, was lamenting to me the *extent* of Mr. Brown's operations:—"Former improvers," ſaid he, "at leaſt kept near the houſe, but this fellow crawls like a ſnail all over the grounds, and leaves his curſed ſlime behind him wherever he goes."

ing

ing compared its operations and effects with thoſe of the art it pretends to rival, nay, to inſtruct. Theſe two rivals (whom I am ſo deſirous of reconciling) have hitherto been guided by very oppoſite principles, and the character of their productions have been as oppoſite; but the cold flat monotony of the new favourite has been preferred by many ("aye, and thoſe great ones too") to the ſpirited variety of her elder ſiſter; ſhe has, indeed, been ſo puffed up by this high favour, that ſhe has hardly deigned to acknowledge the relationſhip, and has even treated her with contempt: Thoſe alſo, who from their ſituation and influence were beſt qualified to have brought about an union between them, have, on the contrary, contributed to keep up her vanity, and to widen the breach; for I have heard an eminent profeſſor treat the idea of judging, in any degree, of places as of pictures, or of comparing them at all together, as quite abſurd. In real life the nobleſt part a man can act—

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the part that moſt conciliates the eſteem and good will of all mankind, is that of promoting union and harmony wherever occaſion offers: In the preſent caſe, though a breach between theſe figurative perſons is not of ſerious conſequence to ſociety, yet I ſhall feel no ſmall pleaſure and pride if my endeavours ſhould be ſucceſsful. I have ſhewn, to the beſt of my power, how much it is their mutual intereſt to act cordially together, and have offered every motive for ſuch an union; and I hope that prejudices, however ſtrongly rooted—however enforced by thoſe who may be intereſted in the ſeparation, will at laſt give way. I may, perhaps, be thought ſomewhat cauſtick for a peace-maker, and, I muſt own,

"My zeal flows warm and eager from my boſom."

But if war is to be made for the ſake of peace (however the wiſdom of the expedient may be doubted) all will agree that it ought to be proſecuted with vigour if once begun.

I never

I never was in company with Mr. Brown, nor even knew him by ſight, and therefore can have no perſonal diſlike to him; but I have heard numberleſs inſtances of his arrogance and deſpotiſm, and ſuch high pretenſions ſeem to me little juſtified by his works. Arrogance and imperious manners, which, even joined to the trueſt merit and the moſt ſplendid talents, create diſguſt and oppoſition, when they are the offspring of a little narrow mind, elated with temporary favour, provoke ridicule, and deſerve to meet with it.

Mr. Maſon's poem on Modern Gardening, is, in reality, as direct an attack on Mr. Brown's ſyſtem as what I have written; he has as ſtrongly guarded the reader againſt the inſipid formality of clumps, &c. and has equally recommended the ſtudy of painting as the beſt guide to improvers; but the praiſe he has beſtowed on Mr. Brown himſelf (however *generally* conveyed) has ſpoiled the effect

of

of ſo powerful an antidote. Moſt people, from natural indolence, are more inclined to copy an eſtabliſhed and approved practice, than to correct its defects, or to form a new one from theory; Mr. Maſon's eulogium has therefore ſanctioned Mr. Brown's practice more effectually, than his precepts have guarded againſt it. That eulogium, however (if I may be allowed to make a ſuggeſtion which I think is authorized by the tenor of the poem) has been given from the moſt amiable motive —the fear of hurting the feelings of thoſe with whom he was on a footing of friendſhip; with whom he often reſided; and who had very much employed and admired Mr. Brown: Silence would in ſuch a work have been a tacit condemnation; ſtill worſe to have "damned with *faint* praiſe:" my idea may poſſibly be taken upon wrong grounds, but I have often admired Mr. Maſon's addreſs in ſo delicate a ſituation. Had Mr. Brown transfuſed into his works any thing of the taſte and

ſpirit

ſpirit which prevail in Mr. Maſon's precepts and deſcriptions, he would have deſerved (and might poſſibly have enjoyed) the high honour of having thoſe works celebrated by him and Mr. Walpole; and not have had them referred, as they have been by both, to future poets and hiſtorians.

It may perhaps be thought preſumptuous in an individual, who has never diſtinguiſhed himſelf by any work that might give authority to his opinion, ſo boldly to condemn what has been admired and practiſed by men of the moſt liberal taſte and education; but the force of faſhion and example are well known, and it requires no little energy of mind, and confidence in one's own principles, to think and act for one's ſelf, in oppoſition to general opinion and practice. Some French writer (I do not recollect who) ventures to expreſs a doubt, whether a tree waving in the wind with all its branches free and untouched, may not poſſibly be

an object more worthy of admiration than one cut into form in the gardens of Verſailles:—This bold ſceptic in theory had moſt probably his trees ſhorn like thoſe of his ſovereign.

It is equally probable that many an Engliſh gentleman has felt deep regret when Mr. Brown had improved ſome charming trout ſtream into a piece of water; and that many a time afterwards, when walking on its naked banks, and diſguſted with its glare and formality, he has thought how beautifully fringed thoſe of his little brook once had been; how it ſometimes ran rapidly over the ſtones and ſhallows; and ſometimes in a narrower channel ſtole ſilently beneath the overhanging boughs. Many rich natural groups of trees he might remember,—now thinned and rounded into clumps; many ſequeſtered and ſhady ſpots which he had loved when a boy,—now all open and expoſed, without ſhade or variety; and all theſe ſacrifices made, not to his own,

but

but to the taſte of the day, and againſt his natural feelings.

It ſeems to me that there is ſomething of patriotiſm in the praiſes Mr. Walpole and Mr. Maſon have beſtowed on Engliſh gardening; and that zeal for the honour of their country has made them, in the *general* view of the ſubject, overlook defects which they have themſelves condemned. My love for my country is, I truſt, not leſs ardent than theirs, but it has taken a different turn; and I feel anxious to free it from the diſgrace of propagating a ſyſtem, which, ſhould it become univerſal, would disfigure the face of all Europe. I wiſh a more liberal and extended idea of improvement to prevail; that inſtead of the narrow, mechanical practice of a few Engliſh gardeners,—the noble and varied works of the eminent painters of every age and of every country, and thoſe of their ſupreme miſtreſs, Nature, ſhould be the great models of imitation.

If a taſte for drawing and painting, and a knowledge of their principles, made a part of every gentleman's education; if inſtead of hiring a profeſſed improver to torture their grounds after an eſtabliſhed model, each improved his own place according to general conceptions drawn from nature and pictures, or from hints favourite maſters in painting, or favourite parts of nature ſuggeſted to him,—there might in time be a great variety in the ſtyles of improvement, and all of them with peculiar excellencies. No two painters ever ſaw nature with the ſame eyes; they tended to one point by a thouſand different routes, and that makes the charm of an acquaintance with their various modes of conception and execution; but any of Mr. Brown's followers might ſay, with great truth, we have but one idea among us.

I have always underſtood that Mr. Hamilton, who created Painſhill, not only had ſtudied pictures, but had ſtudied them for the expreſs purpoſe of improving real landſcape.

landſcape. The place he created (a taſk of quite another difficulty from correcting, or from adding to natural ſcenery) fully proves the uſe of ſuch a ſtudy. Among many circumſtances of more ſtriking effect, I was highly pleaſed with a walk which leads through a bottom ſkirted with wood; and I was pleaſed with it, not from what *had*, but from what had *not*, been done; it had no edges, no borders, no diſtinct lines of ſeparation; nothing was done except keeping the ground properly neat, and the communication free from any obſtruction; the eye and the footſteps were equally unconfined, and if it is a high commendation to a writer or a painter, that he knows when to leave off, it is not leſs ſo to an improver.

In a place begun (I believe) by Kent, and finiſhed by Brown, a wood with many old trees covered with ivy, mixed with thickets of hollies, yews, and thorns; a wood which Rouſſeau might have dedicated *a la reverie*,—is ſo interſected by

walks and green alleys, all edged and bordered, that there is no eſcaping from them; they act like flappers in Laputa, and inſtantly wake you from any dream of retirement. The borders of theſe walks (and it is a very common caſe) are ſo thick, and the reſt of the wood ſo rough and impracticable, that it ſeems as if the improver ſaid, "You ſhall never wander from my walks — never exerciſe your own taſte and judgment — never form your own compoſitions; neither your eyes nor your feet ſhall be allowed to ſtray from the boundaries I have traced"—a ſpecies of thraldom unfit for a free country.

There is, indeed, ſomething deſpotic in the general ſyſtem of improvement; all muſt be laid open—all that obſtructs, levelled to the ground—houſes, orchards, gardens, all ſwept away. *Painting*, on the contrary, tends to humanize the mind: where a deſpot thinks every perſon an intruder who enters his domain, and wiſhes to deſtroy cottages and pathways, and to reign alone; the

the lover of painting conſiders the dwellings, the inhabitants, and the marks of their intercourſe as ornaments to the landſcape *.

For the honour of humanity there *are* minds which require no other motive than what paſſes within. And here I cannot reſiſt paying a tribute to the memory of a beloved uncle, and recording a benevolence towards all the inhabitants around him that ſtruck me from my earlieſt remembrance; and it is an impreſſion I wiſh always to cheriſh. It ſeemed as if he had made his extenſive walks as much for them as for himſelf; they uſed them as

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds told me, that when he and Wilſon the landſcape painter were looking at the view from Richmond terrace, Wilſon was pointing out ſome particular part, and in order to direct his eye to it, "There," ſaid he, "near thoſe houſes—there! where the *figures* are."—Though a painter, ſaid Sir Joſhua, I was puzzled; I thought he meant ſtatues, and was looking upon the *tops* of the houſes, for I did not at firſt conceive that the men and women we plainly ſaw walking about, were by him only thought of as figures in the landſcape.

freely, and *their* enjoyment was *his*. The village bore as ſtrong marks of his and of his brother's attentions (for in that reſpect they appeared to have but one mind) to the comforts and pleaſures of its inhabitants. Such attentive kindneſſes are amply repaid by affectionate regard and reverence, and were they general throughout the kingdom, they would do much more towards guarding us againſt democratical opinions,

" Than twenty thouſand ſoldiers arm'd in proof."

The cheerfulneſs of the ſcene I have mentioned, and all the intereſting circumſtances attending it (ſo different from thoſe of ſolitary grandeur) have convinced me, that he who deſtroys dwellings, gardens, and incloſures for the ſake of mere extent and parade of property, only extends the bounds of monotony, and of dreary, ſelfiſh pride; but contracts thoſe of variety, amuſement, and humanity.

I own it does ſurpriſe me, that in an age and

and in a country where the arts are ſo highly cultivated, one ſingle plan (and that but moderate) ſhould have been ſo generally adopted; and that even the love of peculiarity ſhould not ſometimes have checked this method of levelling all diſtinctions, of making all places alike *, all equally tame and inſipid.

Few perſons have been ſo lucky as never to have ſeen or heard the true *proſer*; ſmiling, and diſtinctly uttering his flowing common-place nothings, with the ſame placid countenance, the ſame even-toned voice: he is the very emblem of ſerpentine walks, belts, and rivers, and all Mr. Brown's works; like him they are ſmooth, flowing, even, and diſtinct †, and like him they wear one's ſoul out.

There

* A perſon well known for his taſte and abilities being at a gentleman's houſe where Mr. Brown was expected, drew a plan by anticipation, which proved ſo exact, that I believe the ridicule it threw on the ſerious plan helped to prevent its execution.

† The language (if it may be ſo called) by which objects of ſight make themſelves intelligible, is exactly like

There is a very different and much rarer being, and who hardly appears to be of the ſame ſpecies; full of unexpected turns,—of flaſhes of light: objects the moſt familiar are placed by him in ſuch ſingular yet natural points of view,—he ſtrikes out ſuch unthought of agreements

like that of ſpeech. To a man who is uſed to look at nature, pictures, or drawings with a painter's eye, the ſlighteſt hint, on the ſlighteſt inſpection, conveys a perfect and intelligible meaning; juſt as the ſlighteſt ſound, with the moſt negligent articulation, conveys meaning to an ear that is well acquainted with the language of the ſpeaker: But to a perſon little verſed in that language ſuch a ſound is quite unintelligible; he muſt have every word pronounced diſtinctly and articulately.

Then again, as theſe ſlight hints, and ſlurred articulations, have often a grace and ſpirit in language which is loſt when words are diſtinctly pronounced; ſo many of theſe ſlight and expreſſive touches, both in art and in nature, give moſt pleaſure to thoſe who are thoroughly verſed in the language. This may perhaps in ſome degree account for the plainly marked diſtinctions in improvement; for as in order to convey any idea to a man unuſed to a language in *one* ſenſe, you muſt mark every *word*; ſo to a man unuſed to it in *another* ſenſe you muſt mark every *object*; muſt cut ſharp lines, muſt whiten, redden, blacken, &c. &c.

and

and contraſts,—ſuch combinations, ſo little obvious, yet never forced or affected, that the attention cannot flag; but from the delight of what is paſſed, we eagerly liſten for what is to come. This is the true pictureſque, and the propriety of that term will be more felt if we attend to what correſponds to the *beautiful* in converſation. How different is the effect of that ſoft inſinuating ſtyle, of thoſe gentle tranſitions, which, without dazzling or ſurpriſing, keep up an increaſing intereſt, and inſenſibly wind round the heart.

It requires a mind of ſome ſenſibility and habit of obſervation to diſtinguiſh what is really beautiful and intereſting, from what is merely ſmooth, flowing, and inſipid, and to give a decided preference to the former; it is not more common to have a true reliſh for pictureſque ſcenery, and even the quick turns and intricacies of converſation are not reliſhed by all. I have ſometimes ſeen a *proſer* quite forlorn in the company of a man of brilliant

imagination,

imagination; he ſeemed "dazzled with "exceſs of light," and his dull faculties totally unable to keep pace with him: I have afterwards obſerved the ſame man, get cloſe to a brother proſer, and the two ſnails have travelled on ſo comfortably on their own ſlime, that they ſeemed to feel no more impreſſion, either of pleaſure or envy, from what they had heard, than a real ſnail may be ſuppoſed to do at the active bounds and leaps of a ſtag or a high-mettled courſer.

This is exactly the caſe with that practical proſer the true improver: carry him to a ſcene merely pictureſque, he is bewildered with its variety and intricacy, the charms of which he neither reliſhes nor comprehends; and longs to be crawling among his clumps, and debating about the tenth part of an inch in the turn of a gravel walk. The maſs of improvers ſeem to forget that we are diſtinguiſhed from other animals, by being (as Milton deſcribes it)

"Nobler

" Nobler far, of look *erect*;"

they go about

" With leaden eye that loves the ground,"

and are ſo continually occupied with turns and ſweeps, and manœuvring ſtakes, that they never gain an idea of the firſt elements of compoſition.

Such a mechanical ſyſtem of operations little deſerves the name of an art. There are indeed certain words in all languages that have a good and a bad ſenſe, ſuch as *ſimplicity* and *ſimple*, *art* and *artful*, which as often expreſs our contempt as our admiration. It ſeems to me that whenever art, with regard to plan or diſpoſition, is uſed in a good ſenſe, it means to convey an idea of ſome degree of invention, —of contrivance that is not obvious,—of ſomething that raiſes expectation,—which differs, and with ſucceſs, from what we recollect having ſeen before. With regard to improving, that alone I ſhould call art in a good ſenſe which was employed in collecting from the infinite varieties of *accident*

cident (which is commonly called *nature*, in oppoſition to what is called *art*) ſuch circumſtances as may happily be introduced, according to the *real* capabilities of the place to be improved. This is what painters have done in their art, and thence it is, that many of theſe lucky accidents, being ſtrongly pointed out by them, are called pictureſque.

He therefore, in my mind, will ſhew moſt art in improving, who *leaves* (a very material point) or who creates the greateſt variety of *pictures*,—of ſuch different compoſitions as painters will leaſt wiſh to alter: Not he who begins his work by general clearing and ſmoothing; that is, by deſtroying all thoſe aecidents, of which ſuch advantages might have been made, but which afterwards the moſt enlightened and experienced art can never hope to reſtore.

When I hear how much has been done by art in a place of large extent,—in no one part of which, where that art had been

buſy, a painter would take out his ſketch book; when I ſee the ſickening diſplay of that art, ſuch as it is, and the total want of effect; I am tempted to reverſe the ſenſe of that famous line of Taſſo, and to ſay of ſuch performances:

L'arte che *nulla* fa, tutta ſi ſcuopre *.

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* No line is more generally known, than

L'arte che tutta fa nulla ſi ſcuopre;

and no precept more univerſally received; yet ſtill it muſt not be too ſtrictly followed in all caſes.

Near the houſe artificial ſcenery ought to have place in proportion to the ſtyle and character of the building; and one great defect of modern gardens (in the confined ſenſe of the word) is an affectation of ſimplicity, and what is called nature; *that* eaſily degenerates into a plainneſs (to ſay no more) which does not accord with the richneſs and ſplendour of architectural ornaments. In other parts the precept ſhould have its full effect, and the improver ſhould conceal himſelf, like a judicious author, who ſets his readers imagination at work, while he ſeems not to be guiding, but to be exploring new regions with him.

In the ſame manner, the improver ſhould facilitate the means of getting at the moſt ſtriking parts, but ſeldom force the ſpectator to one ſingle route,—to one ſingle point; and if poſſible even conceal that he has made

made any walk at all. [There is in our nature a repugnance to deſpotiſm even in trifles; and we are never ſo heartily pleaſed as when we fancy ourſelves unguided and unconſtrained, and that we have made the diſcovery ourſelves. Homer rarely appears in his own perſon. Fielding does, and ſometimes oſtentatiouſly: amidſt all his beauties (and no writer has more); it is a ſtriking defect.

FINIS.